

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and News-men throughout the Kingdom: but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 196.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

The Saxons.

Having in our last traced the earliest known movements of the human race in Europe, and particularly in Britain, and seen the first settlements of Kimmerians and Kelts, we resume Mr. Turner's excellent history*, in order to give an epitome of the origin of the Saxons, their national state, and their supercession of the Romans in our native land.

The Anglo-Saxons, who transported themselves from the Cimbric peninsula and its vicinity in the 5th and 6th centuries into England, were branches of the great Saxon confederation, which from the Elbe extended itself at last to the Rhine. Before their encroachments the ancient inhabitants and Roman colonists disappeared or submitted, and Saxon laws, language, manners, government, and institutions, overspread the country.

Of this people, the Gothic ancestors of by far the greatest portion of our population, Ptolemy of Alexandria, is the first writer who makes any mention. In his time, namely, the beginning of the 2d century, the Saxons dwelt, on the north side of the Elbe, its three islands, North Strands, Busen, and Helligland, and the neck of the Cimbric Chersonesus, the territory now divided into Jutland, Sleswick, and Holstein: they must therefore have been but an inconsiderable nation, or rather tribe. Tacitus does not notice them. Our author thinks it probable that they were one of the German or Teutonic, that is to say, Gothic or Scythian tribes, who for more than a thousand years, (reckoned before and after Christ,) propelled the more ancient Kimmerians towards the west and south; and that they were descended from the Sakai, or Sakai-Sakal-Suna, or the sons of Sakai, abbreviated into Saksun, offering a very reasonable etymology of the name Saxon.

Pliny mentions the name Sakai among the most distinguished people of Scythia; and Strabo notices the important fact, that a part of Armenia was called Sakasina, from their conquest of it. This seems to give a geographical locality to our primal ancestors, and to account for the Persian words that occur in the Saxon language, as they must have come into Armenia from the northern regions of Persia. Stephanus speaks of the Saxoi, a people on the Euxine; and it is quite a feasible conjecture,

that a tribe of this parentage and name traversed Europe from Asia, and fixed on the shores of the German Ocean. And we may here advantageously call in, as a corroboration, the recollection of the traditional descent of Odin by Snorre, in the Edda and his history. This great ancestor of the Saxon and Scandinavian heroes is said to have migrated from a city on the east of the Tanais, called Asgard, and a country called Asaland, implying the city and land of the Ase, or Asians.

A few words of the ancient Scythian language (the probable parent of all the Gothic tongues), have been preserved—*ex-ampaios*, sacred ways—*arima*, one—*spou*, an eye—*oior*, a man—*pata*, to kill—*growca-sum*, white with snow: and their chief gods were Tabiti, Papaio, Oitosuros, Artimpasa or Aripasa, Thamimasadas, and Apia, wife of Papaio, whom Herodotus compares with the Vesta, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Neptune, and Earth of the Grecian mythology. They had also a warlike deity, like Mars, to whom they annually sacrificed horses, sheep, and prisoners, but the name is lost. They were famous bowmen; drank the blood of their enemies, especially of the first whom they slew; sculpted the dead, and either presented the heads to their kings, or converted the skulls into drinking cups. They had many diviners, who used willow rods for their predictions. In these customs our Gothic primegenitors resembled them.

Seated on a very limited district on the Elbe, as we have described the Saxons to have been in the time of Ptolemy (say Anno Domini 141); we learn from the next mention of them, by Eutropius, that they had made rapid strides towards power within the ensuing century, and were then commencing, on a larger scale*, that career of maritime depredation, which speedily rendered them so famous and so terrible. As the Roman dominion declined in Germany posterior to the bloody victories of Germanicus, the Saxons, and other independent northern nations, grew rapidly strong. In the beginning of the 3d century, in the reign of Caracalla, we find these tribes dwelling on the North Sea, sending an embassy to Rome, to offer peace for a certain sum of money, which was paid. Maximin, the savage Thracian Emperor, dreadfully avenged this insult, by desolating Germany; and Spenser, in a recent publication, very naturally

* Gennasus, one of the Batavi, but who had become a leader of the Chauci, began this plan of warfare, which the Saxons afterwards so eagerly pursued, in A. D. 47, when, with a fleet of light ships from the Batavian marshes, he invaded Lower Gaucony, and plundered Gaul.

and very happily supposes,* that his barbarities paved the way for that important confederation of the inhabitants of the Lower Rhine and the Weser, which, under the name of Franks, withstood the Roman arms, and preserved the liberties of Germany. Western Europe was, on the overthrow of the Roman empire, parcelled out by these warlike spoilers, whose improved posterity now occupy and govern our quarter of the globe. It was behind this barrier of the Franks, between them and the Romans, and through their naval expeditions, that the Saxons gathered superior strength. The events which first led to extended maritime piratical enterprise among our barbaric ancestors, were the return voyage of a numerous body of Franks, &c. whom Probus had transported to the Euxine; and the usurpation of the purple by the Menassian pilot Carausius, A. D. 287. He, to maintain his authority in Britain and on the coasts of Gaul, entered into alliances with the Germans, Saxons, and Franks; and being a skilful sailor, initiated the latter two in navigation and the art of naval war, besides giving them ships and experienced officers. Thus taught and encouraged, their pre-disposition acquired fresh force: and a subsequent alliance with Magnentius, the murderer of Constantine, about 60 years later than Carausius, tended materially to enhance their consequence, and develop their propensities for plundering on the ocean.

By these means, and nourished by a succession of propitious circumstances, about the beginning of the fourth century, the Saxons united with states both to the north and south of them, for predatory purposes. These additions of strength (whose nominal distinctions of Chauci, Frisii, Chamavi, Batavi, Toxandri, Morini, Cimbri, Jutes, Angles, &c. merged into the general appellation of Saxon), augmented their fleets, gave new terror to their hostility, and recruited their losses with perpetual population. This tremendous league lasted till the Saxon expedition to Britain; and then began to dissolve.

The connection of the Saxons with the Jutes and Angles was the most important in its consequences as to Britain; and we shall therefore bestow a few words upon that subject. The Jutes inhabited that part of Jutland formerly called South Jutland, the modern duchy of Sleswick. Hence came the little invading band under Hengist and Horsa. The Angles, whose locality does not appear to be correctly ascertained, were a neighbouring tribe in the north of Germany.

At the era when the Saxons first attacked the coasts of Britain, other enemies, the Picti, Scotti, and Attacotti attacked the coun-

* Of the Anglo-Saxons, &c. 3 vols. 8vo.

* Vide Notit. Germ. lib. iv. p. 338.

try on the north and north-west sides. But they were generally defeated, and the sanguinary struggle continued till the beginning of the fifth century, when Alaric and his Goths subdued the western empire of Rome, and the Alani, Suevi, Vandali, &c. ravaged the western world.

The Britons of this epoch, A.D. 407-409, asserted their independence; and the Armoricans across the Channel instantly followed their example. Our island, it may be presumed, retained nearly the same form which it possessed in the later periods of the Roman residence: viz. was divided into five provinces containing two Municipia, nine Colonise, ten Civitates, with the *Latio Jure*, twelve *Stipendarie*, and many other towns. England may be conceived to have consisted of thirty independent Civitates at the time it resumed its liberties; and these would, on that occasion, become thirty independent states or republics. A letter addressed by the Emperor Honorius to the Civitates of Britain, is a sort of evidence of an arrangement of this nature. After A.D. 410 these separate governments had each its chief magistrates or *duumviri*, their senate, their subordinate decurions, and inferior senate or *curie*, for civil affairs; and their bishop and clergy for ecclesiastical concerns, but commonly extending to lay business.

Contests arising, the island, according to Gildas (no good authority except where corroborated by others or having his representations strengthened by the consideration that they could hardly in the nature of things fail to be true), becomes a prey to civil wars: and St. Jerome mentions Britain as being at this era "fertile in tyrants;" which Procopius confirms. The regal chiefs were at last so numerous that we read of kings of Devonshire, Cornwall, Kent, Glastonbury, Deira, Bernicia, several kings of Cumbria, several of Wales, and others in the north and west of England, about the time of the Saxons. We find Malgoeme styled by Gildas the de-throner of many tyrants; and Nennius states the Saxons to have fought, and Arthur to have marched, with the Kings of the Britons.

This was the state of things.—Britain was inhabited by the descendants of the Kinmerians, Kelts, with the Phenician and Roman additions; and had for two centuries maintained a desultory warfare with the Scotti and Picti, and the Saxons, when a more permanent invasion ensued in 449, and Hengist and Horsa, with three Saxon cyules or vessels, appeared on the coast, at Ebbfleet in the Isle of Thanet, near Richborough. The party under these leaders could hardly amount to more than 300 men, and they were retained by the British King Gurtheryn, or Vortigern, and his chiefs, as subsidiary soldiers, to assist them against their Irish and Scottish enemies. As usually happens, the mercenaries soon began to usurp authority. In the seventh year after his arrival, Hengist is stated, in the Saxon Chronicle, to have begun his Kentish kingdom. The Angli almost entirely, and the Jutes and continental Saxons in great numbers, poured in, and flocked to the standard of the successful Hengist. The

Britons resisted these encroachments, and at first successfully, but the Saxons ultimately prevailed; and Hengist firmly established, and transmitted to his posterity, a kingdom in Kent. Ella, another Saxon chieftain, encouraged by his example, in like manner founded a kingdom in Sussex; and Cerdic, beginning with Hampshire in the south part of Britain, that of Wessex; which finally absorbed all the others.

It was against the latter that the renowned King Arthur fought so long and so valiantly. His efforts limited the invaders to Hampshire, and some contested parts of Somersetshire; and it was not till after his death, that the junction of the nation of the Angli with the Saxon colonists led to the subjugation of Britain. The invasion of the Angles, however, is too important a point to be taken up at so advanced a page; and we therefore break off here, to commence with an account of it in our next historical sketch.

A History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, &c. By Diedrich Knickerbocker, &c. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 520.

As we had the pleasure of introducing the Author of the Sketch-Book (Mr. Irving) to the British public, we feel a sort of friendly interest in the success of that ripened acquaintance which he has since cultivated with it. We were, therefore, glad to see the present volume as an English publication, though in point of fact (we believe) it preceded, as an American one, the earliest labours of Geoffrey Crayon; and the voice of fame across the Atlantic had long apprised us of its merits and popularity. It exhibits very considerable talents, and is throughout a lively and grotesque performance. Much humour, neat observations on men and on human actions, a drolling way of treating subjects of every kind, and a sportiveness of fancy mingled with some originality, and a good deal of aptness for the ridiculous, are its characteristic traits. May it not seem paradoxical to add, that we have been fatigued by the perusal of this clever volume? But we have experienced that sensation; and while we could not help saying towards the writer, "I like thy wit well in good faith;" neither could we help feeling, at the same time, that he did ill in giving us so tremendous a quantity of it. Nearly 600 honest octavo pages of jest and play, is entertainment beyond the stretch of human faculties to relish. Laughter is a very fatiguing exercise, and cannot be carried on so long. Rich dishes cloy sooner than plain fare. We may have too much even of a good thing. In short, Mr. Diedrich Knicker-

bocker's history wants relief. It may be amusingly taken up by fits and starts; but no mental powers can withstand so continuous and so strenuous a claim to attention, especially in the shape of irony and joke, which are the most potent exhausters of the mind.

Owing to this cause we have felt ennu while perusing the pleasantest parts of these lucubrations. Had Mr. Irving contented himself with such bounds as De Foe, as Swift, as Voltaire, prescribed to themselves, we think he would have been more effective: in so far as he has exceeded them, though he may have displayed to greater extent the fecundity of his imagination and scope of his abilities, he has not added to the recreation of his reader, since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.

We hope we are understood not to speak this disparagingly, for we have prefaced it with a candid character of the work, and shall fortify that opinion with several extracts, to show that the author is all that we have said in his praise. But first we shall state what the general nature of his production is. There is a whimsical introduction, giving an account of the fictitious author, his habits, adventures, reception in society, and destiny. Then beginning *ab ovo*, the history, throws a rapid but philosophical coup d'œil over the creation of the world (discussing cosmogony and cosmography too with a degree of skill worthy of the Cosmogonist in the Vicar of Wakefield), and the circumstances, some of them real but most of them conjectural, of its pristine population. Descending to more modern times, Noah's flood is recorded with several new features; and we arrive logically enough, at the peopling of America. Here we shall take our first quotation.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing the great difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America—And how the Aborigines came to be begotten by accident—to the great relief and satisfaction of the Author.

The next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular course of our history is to ascertain, if possible, how this country was originally peopled—a point fruitful of incredible embarrassments; for unless we prove that the Aborigines did absolutely come from somewhere, it will be immediately asserted in this age of scepticism that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never populated—a conclusion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcilable to every feeling of humanity, inasmuch as it must syllogistically

prove fatal to the innumerable Aborigines of this populous region.

"To avert so dire a sophism, and to rescue from logical annihilation so many millions of fellow creatures, how many wings of geese have been plundered! what oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned historians have been addled, and for ever confounded! I pause with reverential awe when I contemplate the ponderous tomes, in different languages, with which they have endeavoured to solve this question, so important to the happiness of society, but so involved in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. Historian after historian has engaged in the endless circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chase through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work just as wise as we were at the beginning. It was doubtless some philosophical wild goose chase of the kind that made the old poet Macrobius rail in such a passion at curiosity, which he anathematizes most heartily, as 'an irksome agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humour to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done.' But to proceed.

"Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I shall say nothing, as they have already been touched upon in my last chapter. The claimants next in celebrity are the descendants of Abraham. Thus Christoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus), when he first discovered the gold mines of Hispaniola, immediately concluded, with a shrewdness that would have done honour to a philosopher, that he had found the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for embellishing the temple at Jerusalem; nay, Colon even imagined that he saw the remains of furnaces of veritable Hebraic construction, employed in refining the precious ore.

"So golden a conjecture, tinged with such fascinating extravagance, was too tempting not to be immediately snapped at by the gudgeons of learning; and accordingly there were divers profound writers ready to swear to its correctness, and to bring in their usual load of authorities, and wise surmises, where-withal to prop it up. Vetabius and Robertus Stephens declared nothing could be more clear—Arius Montanus, without the least hesitation, asserts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the early settlers of the country. While Possevin, Becan, and several other sagacious writers, lug in a *supposed* prophecy of the fourth book of Esdras, which being asserted in the mighty hypothesis, like the key-stone of an arch, gives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

"Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly superstructure, than in trudges a phalanx of opposite authors, with Hans de Laet, the great Dutchman, at their head, and at one blow tumbles the whole fabric about their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the Israelitish claims to the first settlement of this country, attributing all those equivocal symptoms, and traces of Christianity and Judaism, which have been said to be

found in divers provinces of the new world, to the Devil, who has always affected to counterfeit the worship of the true Deity. 'A remark,' says the knowing old Padre d'Acosta, 'made by all good authors who have spoken of the religion of nations newly discovered, and founded besides on the authority of the fathers of the church.'

"Some writers again, among whom it is with great regret I am compelled to mention Lopez de Gomara and Juan de Leri, insinuate that the Canaanites, being driven from the land of promise by the Jews, were seized with such a panic that they fled without looking behind them, until stopping to take breath, they found themselves safe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is supposed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight—I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

"I pass over the supposition of the learned Grotius, who, being both an ambassador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great respect, that North America was peopled by a strolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco or Mungo Capac, the first Incas, being himself a Chinese: nor shall I more than barely mention that father Kircher ascribes the settlement of America to the Egyptians, Budheek to the Scandinavians, Charron to the Gauls, Juffredus Petri to a skating party from Friesland, Milius to the Celts, Marinchus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Compte to the Phenicians, Postel to the Moors, Martin d'Angleria to the Abyssinians; together with the sage surmise of De Laet, that England, Ireland, and the Oracles, may contend for that honour.

"Nor will I bestow any more attention or credit to the idea, that America is the fairy region of Zipangri, described by that dreaming traveller, Marco Polo, the Venetian; or that it comprises the visionary island of Atlantis, described by Plato. Neither will I stop to investigate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that each hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished with an Adam and Eve: or the more flattering opinion of Dr. Romayne, supported by many nameless authorities, that Adam was of the Indian race—or the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Darwin, so highly honourable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of monkeys!

"This last conjecture, I must own, came upon me very suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often beheld the clown in a pantomime, while gazing in stupid wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harlequin, all at once electrified by a sudden stroke of the wooden sword across his shoulders. Little did I think at such times, that it would ever fall to my lot to be treated with equal discourtesy, and that while I was quietly beholding these grave philosophers, emulating the eccentric transformations of the hero of pantomime, they would on a sudden turn upon me and my readers, and with one hypothetical flourish metamorphose us into beasts! I determined from that moment not

to burn my fingers with any more of their theories; but content myself with detailing the different methods by which they transported the descendants of these ancient and respectable monkeys to this great field of theoretical warfare.

"This was done either by migrations by land or transigrations by water. Thus Padre Joseph D'Acosta enumerates three passages by land—first by the north of Europe, secondly by the north of Asia, and thirdly by regions southward of the straits of Magellan. The learned Grotius marches his Norwegians, by a pleasant route, across frozen rivers and arms of the sea, through Iceland, Greenland, Estotiland, and Naremburga: and various writers, among whom are Angleria, De Horn, and Buffon, anxious for the accommodation of these travellers, have fastened the two continents together by a strong chain of deductions—by which means they could pass over dry-shod. But should even this fail, Pinkerton, that industrious old gentleman, who compiles books, and manufactures Geographies, has constructed a natural bridge of ice, from continent to continent, at the distance of four or five miles from Behring's straits—for which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of all the wandering Aborigines who ever did or ever will pass over it.

"It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the worthy writers above quoted could ever commence his work without immediately declaring hostilities against every writer who had treated of the same subject. In this particular, authors may be compared to a certain sagacious bird, which, in building its nest, is sure to pull to pieces the nests of all the birds in its neighbourhood. This unhappy propensity tends grievously to impede the progress of sound knowledge. Theories are at best but brittle productions, and when once committed to the stream, they should take care that, like the notable pots which were fellow-voyagers, they do not crack each other.

"My chief surprise is, that, among the many writers I have noticed, no one has attempted to prove that this country was peopled from the moon—or that the first inhabitants floated hither on islands of ice, as white bears cruise about the northern oceans—or that they were conveyed hither by balloons, as modern aeronauts pass from Dover to Calais—or by witchcraft, as Simon Magus posted among the stars—or after the manner of the renowned Scythian Abaris, who, like the New England witches on full-blooded broomsticks, made most unheard of journeys on the back of a golden arrow, given him by the Hyperborean Apollo.

"But there is still one mode left by which this country could have been peopled, which I have reserved for the last, because I consider it worth all the rest: it is—*by accident*! Speaking of the islands of Solomon, New Guinea, and New Holland, the profound father Charlevoix observes, 'in fine, all these countries are peopled, and it is possible some have been so *by accident*. Now if it could have happened in that manner, why might it not have been at the same time, and by the

same means, with the other parts of the globe? This ingenious mode of deducing certain conclusions from possible premises is an improvement in syllogistic skill, and proves the good father superior even to Archimedes, for he can turn the world without any thing to rest his lever upon. It is only surpassed by the dexterity with which the sturdy old Jesuit, in another place, cuts the Gordian knot—'Nothing,' says he, 'is more easy.' The inhabitants of both hemispheres are certainly the descendants of the same father. The common father of mankind received an express order from Heaven to people the world, and accordingly it has been peopled. To bring this about, it was necessary to overcome all the difficulties in the way, and they have also been overcome! Pious logician! How does he put all the herd of laborious theorists to the blush, by explaining, in five words, what it has cost them volumes to prove they knew nothing about!

"From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of others which I have consulted, but which are omitted through fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader—I can only draw the following conclusions, which luckily, however, are sufficient for my purpose—First, that this part of the world has actually been peopled, (Q. E. D.) to support which we have living proofs in the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit it. Secondly, that it has been peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by a cloud of authors, who, from the positiveness of their assertions, seem to have been eye-witnesses to the fact—Thirdly, that the people of this country had a variety of fathers, which, as it may not be thought much to their credit by the common run of readers, the less we say on the subject the better. The question therefore, I trust, is for ever at rest."

After some further capriccios, we have the author's version of the discovery of America, from which we select the commencement, as happily illustrative of his style and manner.

This right being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by cultivation. "The cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The whole world is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing it, was it uncultivated. Every nation then is obliged by the law of nature to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and deserve to be exterminated as savage and pernicious beasts."

Now it is notorious that the savages knew nothing of agriculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life, rambling from place to place, and prodigally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without taking her generosity to yield them any thing more; whereas it has been

most unquestionably shown, that heaven intended the earth should be ploughed and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, and towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indians knew nothing about—therefore they did not improve the talents Providence had bestowed on them—therefore they were careless stewards—therefore they had no right to the soil—therefore they deserved to be exterminated.

It is true the savages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land which their simple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—and that as heaven merely designed the earth to form the abode and satisfy the wants of man, so long as those purposes were answered, the will of heaven was accomplished.—But this only proves how undeserving they were of the blessings around them—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable animals; and it was but just that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one, and therefore would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of heaven. Besides—Grotius, and Lauterbach, and Puffendorf, and Titius, and many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it—nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly followed that they had no right to the soil; but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than themselves.

In entering upon a newly discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of heaven—therefore they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man—therefore they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blest with bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages

were found: not only deficient in the comforts of life, but what is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition, than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life—and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learnt to estimate these blessings—they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonderfully improved; they acquired a thousand wants, of which they had before been ignorant; and as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtless rendered a much happier race of beings.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Tragic Tales. Coningsby, and Lord Brockenhurst. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

Remembering Sir Egerton Brydges's zealous exertions on the subject of the Copyright Act, and looking at these tales as the relaxations of a wounded mind, we should be happy were it possible for us to award them our good report. But if we speak truth, we must say that they appear to us to be horrible without sublimity, tragical without pathos, romantic without interest, and altogether a strange mixture of commonplace, morbid sentiment, and flightiness. The first story ends in the assassination of the hero by the father of the heroine: the second paints the utmost depravity, murder, incestuousness, and idiocy, without one gleam of relief. We can imagine no one useful or moral purpose which such performances could effect. It is with regret we say so; but we most earnestly submit to the author the expediency of a more becoming and laudable exercise of his talents;—our ancient writers offer him still a fine field for cultivation, and his labours in that branch of literature will reflect infinitely greater lustre upon him than such productions as these.

Having thus candidly and honestly delivered our opinion, we shall select some examples from Sir Egerton's work, though not so much with the view of justifying them, as for the sake of exhibiting what we may rather approve than condemn.

The heroine in Coningsby is a poeti-

cal enthusiast; the following neat little piece is given as one of her compositions:

On Poets.

"It is an idle trade, this poet's trade:
So the stern sage, who takes the pompous name
Of Man of Science, calls it: with wise saws
He shakes his head, and swears, 'tis but an art
Of forming clouds into fantastic shapes:
And building airy castles, that each wind
Will sweep away!—O leave him to himself:
He deals in nothing but material forms;
The spiritual world is mantled from his sight.
He scorns, and gibes at what he cannot see;
And takes his blindness for superior wit.

There are also, though we do not subscribe
to all its dicta, both fine lines and fine
thoughts in an

Ode, on Dante.

What constitutes the Poet? Not the trick
Of rhyme, nor yet th' array
Of imagery, an thick
As heaven star-cluster'd, nor the play
Of skilful words, that dance in coruscation gay.
But the deep, solemn, elevated thought,
That scorns the ornament
Of language, and is wrought
By the high enthusiasm, bent
On dreams that bound beyond this earthly orb's
extent.

In nakedness of majesty it throws
Its awe-inspiring charm;
On him, whose bosom glows
With sympathetic grandeur warm,
While groups of human ills retreating take th'
alarm!

Such once was Dante, whose up-lifted soul,
Borne on immortal wings,
The stream of Song could roll
Exhaustless from ethereal springs,
That yet through countless tracts of years its
echo rings.

He took the harp, that Heaven had made his
boon;
And, as his raptured hand
Began the strings to tune,
Celestial sounds at his command
The flame, while fancy work'd a new creation
fann'd.

Contrasted with the forms, his mental eye
Saw trooping round about,
The never-ceasing sigh
Burst forth; and to the dismal route
Of mortal griefs his song the knell of Death
rung out.

He had no need of artifice: each note,
Full in itself, was woe,
Or majesty, or fraught
With such a super-human glow
Of virtue, that no art could such a charm bestow!

We wish the prose were answerable to
these specimens of the verse; but the sub-
joined will show that it is of a far inferior
character. Adelinde the poetess goes, in her
father's absence, to meet her lover, whom
she had permitted to keep a book of hers on
their first interview.

"She grew pale by fits; her courage
failed her; the tears came into her eyes.
Her heart beat: she could not see: 'Oh!'
said she to herself; 'for the quiet of bosom
that I possessed a week ago!' A figure was

seen at a distance advancing over the rise of
the heath: it came nearer: a gun was in his
hand: two dogs ran before him: it was Lord
Drayton.

"He approached: the book was in his
hand: he held it forward: 'You see,' he
cried, 'I perform my promise, Miss Conings-
by!—but will you permit me to keep this
treasure?'—'Do not distress me so! I en-
treat you, Lord Drayton!' she answered:
'do not keep a record of my nonsense!'—
'If it was nonsense, Miss Coningsby, I would
not keep a record of it! But it is your
writing; and that alone is a security, that it
is not nonsense.'—'Lord Drayton,' she re-
plied, with a look somewhat between an arch
smile, and a blush of angry distress, 'You
must lay aside your fashionable flattery, when
you come into these tramontane regions!'—
'I never,' he said, 'was a flatterer, Miss Co-
ningsby! Here it would be worse than use-
less!'—He looked in her face: she saw that
his soul was bursting from his eyes: there
was a flame in them, from which she turned,
as from an over-dazzling fire! He offered
the book: she put forth her white hand
tremblingly: he kissed it with devotion: she
withdrew it in an agony.—'Keep the book
then,' she said almost indistinctly; 'and
forgive its nonsense!'

Lord Drayton put the precious volume
within his waistcoat, next his bosom; and
for a few moments was silent.

"The silence increased Adelinde's distress:
she resolved to exert herself to break it.
'Now, Lord Drayton,' she said, 'I am en-
titled to ask a favour of you! I long to hear
about my relations in England. Do you
know my aunt, Lady Jane Falcotter?'—'I am
well acquainted with her,' he answered;
'she is an admirable woman; worthy to be
your aunt! She has talents; accomplish-
ments; disposition; and has not even lost
her beauty: but early in life she was dis-
appointed; and you know that she has refused
every future offer of marriage. I will not
say that she has not an occasional glance of
the same expression. But who can be like
you? Who ever had half the beauty you
are gifted with? Who?'—Adelinde inter-
rupted him.—'Spare me, Lord Drayton! I
fear you take me for an idiot of the woods,
that you may flatter; and then laugh at!'—
'Laugh at Miss Coningsby!' said he ear-
nestly; 'I am not of the laughing sort; but,
if I were, I could not laugh at an angel!'—
'Lord Drayton, forgive me for entreating
you to consider me as a rational being; not
as a silly girl, for whom no compliments can
be too high-flown! This solitude has taught
me to be jealous of flattery; and pleased
only with kindness!'

"Lord Drayton was somewhat confounded
by these words: he knew how little flattery
was meant by his expressions: how much
in earnest he was; and how entirely his feel-
ings equalled the warmth of his language.
Never was any thing so charming as Ade-
linde. The variety of passionate or delight-
ful feelings, that she had experienced in this
interview, had still given new animation of
her speaking countenance; the delicacy of
her complexion; the soft tints of her light

brown hair; the symmetry of her form; the
tender tones of her voice, all pierced the en-
thusiastic soul of this lover. He knew not
how to convey to her the admiration with
which he was struck. He felt awe! He
would have pressed her to his bosom, if he
had dared: would have fallen at her feet.
But there was a divinity about her, that re-
pressed liberties; and told him they would
be ungenerous and unmanly insults!

"A longer continuance of this interview at
present might endanger their future meeting.
Both were almost instinctively convinced of
this without naming it to each other. Had
Coningsby known that Lord Drayton was
sojourning in this neighbourhood, his person
would not have been safe: such was the in-
veteracy of Coningsby's hatred to the very
name."

"This is very weak and very trite gossiping;
but the graver objection is to its improper
tendency. No virtuous daughter could act
as Adelinde is made to act; and we must
reprehend that laxity of expression, if not
of principle, in other passages, which de-
scribes her mother as "unfortunate" in having
committed adultery, and speaks of opposite
conduct as the result of "dull prudence!"
There is throughout a great deal too much
of weeping, starting, and extravagance; but
we are fain to take leave of our task, and in
doing so beg to conclude with an extract of
much practical force and justice, though ra-
ther severely applied to our senate.

"Lord Drayton had energies, for which
the insipid course of fashionable life afforded
no play. He was now three and twenty;
and he had attended one session of parliament,
as representative for a borough in his father's
interest. But he had not sat in the senate
a week, before he found it an arena little
suited to his taste. He observed with as-
tonishment, the time and even attention oc-
cupied by hard, vulgar, and illiterate men,
whose mere insensate audacity alone could
have made them persevere." This has re-
cently been copiously exemplified.

*Fables from La Fontaine, in English
Verse.* London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 370.

Report, we know not how truly, as-
signs this production, with the excep-
tion of four of the fables, to the pen of
Mr. Croker. It is not unworthy of his
talents: and there are certain passages
in it more likely to be derived from his
known political feelings, than to be
considered as congenial with the spirit
of La Fontaine. We could have wish-
ed it otherwise; for politics warp such
a book out of its natural sphere, by con-
verting instruction into satire, and plea-
santry into bitterness. The all-per-
vading curse of our times infects soci-
ety enough without being inwoven
into our amusements, and inlaced with
our literature. Expediency, wisdom,
and virtue, private tranquillity and pub-
lic happiness, demand that it should; as

far as possible, stand by itself, the prodigy, the disgrace, and the bane of the age. We are sorry that it has found its way into this otherwise admirable performance; and that instead of translations of the original, we should have imitations, opening the way to allusions and comparisons widely departing from the amiable character of their prototypes, and inconsistent with their fine quality of general, and not individual correction.

La Fontaine's distinguishing excellence, that in which he surpassed Gay and equalled Æsop, is the universal applicability of the sweet reflections scattered over his unaffected narratives. The exquisite nature and simplicity of his manner, the truth with which his animals speak and act, the grace and refinement of his language (a perfect model of the art of concealing art), and his charming wit, do not altogether recommend him so much to the world's applause, as the genuine goodness and kind heartedness with which every passing remark in the shape of advice is addressed, not to particular persons or affairs, but to mankind. It was this which obtained esteem, as well as celebrity for his fables on their first appearance; it was this which rendered them most beneficial for youth, while they were most delightful for mature years; it was this which inspired benevolence by example, while it taught wisdom by precept; and we do regret, that this has been in any degree abandoned by his very able imitator.

Having with due diffidence submitted these preliminary opinions, we proceed to exemplify the ingenious and entertaining manner in which the writer has executed his own design. The volume contains between sixty and seventy Fables; together with the French, on which they are founded. The latter are so generally read, that it is only requisite to notice, that those here reprinted consist of the most popular stories, such as the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and his Shadow, the Daw in borrowed Plumes, &c. The former, which are dedicated to Lord Sidmouth, may be appreciated by the following specimens. La Fontaine's '*Contre ceux qui ont le Godt Difficile*' is thus rendered.

TO THE CRITICS.

Had once the wit-inspiring Muse
Smil'd on my birth with placid eye,
For so with genius she imbues
Her chosen, favour'd votary,

Then Æsop had adorn'd my song,
With sweet Fontaine's gay actions vying;
Such subjects to the Muse belong—
For verse was ever link'd to lying.

But sparingly on me the Nine
Bestow their gifts:—weak Minstrel I!
Nor hope my lays like his to shine—
I've done my best, let others try.

Yet have I cloth'd in English dress
Many a quaint tale of beast and birds;—
Nay trees and plants their thoughts express,
Blest with the magic gift of words.

"Friend," cries a Critic, "I'm afraid
You give your work too much parade:
Dull is the head which is not able
To hitch in rhyme a childish fable!"

Had I but known, fair Sir, your taste
Not thus my labour would I waste.
Henceforth to subjects more sublime
I'll dedicate my toil and time.

Instead of Brutes I'll better seek
A Turk, or Moor, or modern Greek?
Or tho' the classic theme I urge ill—
Borrow a wondrous tale from Virgil?
Censors no longer shall complain,
So here begins the Epic strain.

While ten long years the Greeks their pow'r
employ

To gain the walls of heav'n defended Troy,
Rang'd on each side the Gods with ardour
strove;

Here Juno labours, there the Queen of Love.
At length the foil'd besiegers call in aid
For arts and arms renown'd, the blue-ey'd
Maid:

Minerva's skill exceeds their bootless force.
Prompted by her, they frame a monstrous
horse

Of mountain size!—and in it's hollow side
Clad in bright brass, her cowering heroes hide.
Ulysses, great in council and the field;
Stout Ajax, master of the seven-fold shield;
Tydides—"Prithee babblest hist!

O spare us thy pedantic list.—
This mountain horse all credence shocks,
Outdoes the Raven and the Fox!
Your awkward stunts but make one smile,
So ill they suite your Muse's style."

Well then, again I'll change my plan,
And write to please you if I can.

From war and heroes pleas'd I turn
To pay a more delightful duty.

To mighty Love I'll incense burn,
And worship at the shrine of Beauty.
With old Anacreon gaily sport

Where black or azure eyes pierce thro' one,
Or else to eastern climes resort,

And flirt 'mongst Hours with the new one:
Where spicy breezes fair ones fan
In the magic bow'r of Gennistan:

Where Araby's jasmies fragrant join
With Sura's rose a garland to twine:—
"Stop, friend, that rhyme's not useable!
Your measure is slovenly;—mend your strain—
Those few lines you must melt again
In your Parnasian crucible."

Critic! since thus you turn the tables,
Let me proceed to write my Fables
In my own style and manner.

Altho' to imitate is vain
The simply elegant Fontaine,

Still let me rhyme beneath his banner!
There is all Fontaine's archness in the fol-
lowing, (from *La Lice et sa Compagne*.)

THE TWO BITCHES.

A bull dog's lady, following nature's law,

Could find no place to lay her cumbersome
load;
No kennel, hut, or hovel fill'd with straw,
Where her blind brood might wait for
eyes.

And their limbs gain a proper size
To venture safely on a walk abroad.
In this distress she visited a neighbour,
And begg'd she'd lend a lodging for her labour.

Her neighbour, Mrs. Mastiff, was kind-
hearted,
Who said, "Tho' ladies I'm not us'd to
lodge any,

My hat for once is yours:" and she departed,
Wishing her toil a lucky minute,
Whene'er she happen'd to begin it,

And offer'd vows for safety of her progeny,
Praying that fortune on them never frowning,
Would save the pretty precious pups from
drowning.

After the month, the landlady just hinted
The place might now conveniently be
quitted.

Dame Pug-nose, much unwilling to be stinted,
Observ'd, her babes were still but tender,
And as Dame Mastiff chose to lend her

The hut, and kindly her condition pitied,
She hop'd to meet indulgence something fur-
ther:—

To turn out such poor sucklings would be mur-
der.

Dame Mastiff to this urgent plea consented.
Week follow'd week—the tenants never
stirr'd:

Her own necessities she represented:
"Here," said th' ungrateful Bitch, "I'm
suited,

"Nor can my claim be well disputed:
"Possession is nine-tenth's of law, I've heard.
"In short, my whelps have teeth, their limbs
are stable—

"Now then eject us, if you think you're able!
To Mother Britain, as a dutious son,
I'm loth with her to use a filthy name;

Else, I must needs confess, my Fable done,
There's something moves me much to say,
That Britain and America,

The first for soft good nature puff'd by fame—
The last once weak, whom commerce now en-
riches—

Bear great resemblance to this brace of Bitches!

We select the remainder, rather on ac-
count of their length and consequent fitness
for our columns, than for their possessing
any peculiar beauty:

THE WALLET.

Jove once assembling all his creatures,
Proclaim'd, whoe'er dislik'd his lot,
As far as outward form and features,
Might have them mended on the spot.

Amongst the rest he saw the Ape—
Thought him fit subject for beginning:
But Jacko faultless found his shape,
And saw the graces in his grinning.

Said Jack, "you might have pitch'd a worse on,
"Sire, in the crowd that's here attending!
"There's brother Bruin's half-lick'd person
"May need, I think, some little mending."

The Bear not wishing to complain,
Said,—"That pert Jackanapes must doat.
"How many beasts desire in vain,
"The comforts of this shaggy coat:

"Yon Elephant, our height o'ertripping,
"In clumsy bulk perhaps is stronger—

"But sure his ears require some cropping—
"Should not his tail be somewhat longer?"

The Elephant these changes scouted;—
The same vain notions e'en prevail
In his wise head; he rather doubted
If not too large was fat dame Whale.
Contented was my lady Whale;
While mistress Ant believ'd miss Mite
Was made on much too small a scale,
She thought her own dimensions right.
Not one there was in all the crowd
Wish'd to be larger, smaller, straighter:—
The ugliest monster there was proud
Of the fair gifts bestow'd by nature.
Above the rest conspicuous Man
Appear'd, than other creatures vainer.
Great Jove contriv'd a simple plan
To make this obvious truth the plainer.
At his command men Wallets bore:
For holding faults was made the sack.
One end, as usual hung before,
The other close behind his back.
Each to his own dear failings blind,
To find another's error labours;
Packs up his own faults snug behind,
And trains the front pouch with his neigh-
bour's!

MAN AND HIS LIKENESS.

Once a lover there was, and he loved in strange
fashion;
The flame from his breast other feelings
could drive all:
Himself was the object ador'd, and this passion
Reign'd fix'd in his heart, without dreading
arrival.
Our Dandy Narcissus, of comical shape,
Was warp'd all awry, and his head was an
ass's.
His mirror still shew'd him the face of an ape,
But he always believ'd that the fault was
the glass's.
Other mirrors repeated, alack! the same story;
He swore that the world had together con-
spired
To spoil of his beautiful person the glory;
So he made them his bow, and in dudgeon
retired.
Removed from all glasses a fair lake he found,
Which shew'd the same image most faith-
fully frightful,
Yet so bright the reflection, so charming the
ground,
He could not help owning the view was de-
lightful.
Now who do you think is this whimsical elf?
I'll explain, lest you think me a mere idle
prater.—
'Tis the Mind: 'tis you, Reader—the Poet
himself—
And our friends are the mirrors, which shew
us our nature.
The Lake—the sage maxims of one shrewd
adviser,
Who shews all the follies our hearts which
environ:
Rochefoucault may make most of us better
and wiser—
Let Harold hold up his dark mirror to Byron.

THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

When Nature, releas'd from the cold icy tram-
mels,
Which winter had form'd, all her lustre re-
news,

When the gold of the cowslip each meadow
enamels,
And the amethyst blends with soft emerald
hues;

At this sprightly season of love and of joy,
A Horse from his stable was sent by his
master,
In freedom these holiday hours to employ,
And graze at his ease in a rich verdant
pasture.

A wolf who was prowling in search of adven-
tures,

The glossy, plump animal joyfully spies:
With caution the paddock's enclosure he enters,
In hopes of possessing so tempting a prize.

"Ah! wert thou, stout beast," cries the thief,
"but a mutton—"

"In a moment that carcase I'd seize as my
own:

"As it is, some disguise I must artfully put on,
"Before I can tear thy fat flesh from the
bone."

So gravely saluting, he questioned the Steed—
"Are you here, my fair Sir, for your health
or your pleasure?"

"From the symptoms I fear you're a great
invalid,
"For in health men allow their poor nags
but small leisure.

"As a pupil of Galen accept my assistance;
"By feeling your pulse I shall find what
your state is;

"I have travell'd thus far, from a very great
distance,
"To give the afflicted my best advice gratis.

"Very choice are the wise in selecting their
food,

"For plants that are noxious the functions
disturb all,

"As Solomon knew well the bad from the
good,

"I can point out each root in old Culpep-
per's herbal."

The Horse Isgrim's character knew by repute,
And plainly perceiv'd what the traitor de-
sign'd:

So he says, "Learned Doctor, my pains are
acute,

"An abscess is form'd in my off-foot-behind."

"A delicate part!" quoth the Leech, "and
indeed

"In the choice of a surgeon 'tis well to be
wary;

"Allow me to touch it, and then I'll proceed
"Like a perfect adept in the art veter'nary.

"But first of your pain let's examine the
cause—"

The horse launch'd his heels, and no kick
could be kinder,

It crush'd to a mummy the hypocrite's jaws,
And dash'd from their sockets each holder
and grinder.

"All this I deserve," said the Wolf full of
sadness:

"In the trade of a butcher I'd been quite at
home, ah!

"To change my profession was absolute mad-
ness—"

"Who dares kill a patient without a diploma!"

We have only to add, that there are
some smart notes, of a political de-
scription.

*The Italian School's of Painting, with
Observations on the present State of the
Arts.* By the Rev. J. T. James.
London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 307.

The Arts, though they mingle themselves
more and more with the objects of our tran-
sient and permanent regards; and though
they are allowed, by every reflecting mind,
to be as essential to the improvement of na-
tional taste, as replete with commercial advan-
tages, are yet far too generally considered as
gratuitous ornamental appendages, exhibited
among the sights and amusements of the day,
to be enjoyed at a small expence, and for-
gotten, like the rest of the routine of fash-
ionable time-killing.

This species of show, it has been observ-
ed, brings us acquainted with works of art,
and gives a stimulus to the talents of the
native artist; and in aid of this, works tend-
ing to illustrate the principles of painting,
or to make us acquainted with the history of
its professors, have occasionally appeared.
Mr. James's work, with some introductory
observations on the present state of painting
at home and abroad, is principally confined
to the rise and progress of the arts in Italy,
interspersed with anecdotes of the different
masters of the Italian schools, which schools
are divided into those of Florence, Sienna,
Rome, Naples, Venice, Mantua, Modena,
Parma, Cremona, Milan, Bologna, Ferrara,
Genoa and Piedmont, and Savoy.

By a work of this kind, it cannot be ex-
pected that much public interest should be
excited; though, limited to the artist and to
the amateur, it will afford much gratifica-
tion, and many useful hints.

In the arrangements of the different mas-
ters according to the periods in which they
flourished, we are brought acquainted with
the names of some of whose existence we
had never heard. Yet it is desirable to
confine the attention to the leading masters
of the several schools; for, as the author ob-
serves, each of these gave rise to crowds of
imitators, more or less successful; and a
multitude of names and dates, however ne-
cessary to historical records, adds only to
the confusion of ideas, instead of affording
a distinct view of the various styles: indeed,
this can hardly be obtained without visible
examples. With something of this practi-
cal knowledge, the arrangement of the au-
thor, and the pains he has taken to class the
Italian masters under their several dates and
schools, will not be lost; neither, we trust,
will the observations thrown out in many
parts of the work.

One of the causes by which the decline of
art is marked, is that of imitation, or the
servile practice of following the manner of
some particular school or master. It is not
very easy to fix the bounds by which this
practice should be regulated, it being, in
many instances, an involuntary process, in
which the mind is unconscious of any pecu-
liar aim; and in some cases, (in opposition
to the rule) the leading masters themselves
have derived the greatest advantages from
adopting the style of contemporary talent.

An able critic has observed, that the English school of painting is little, if at all, shackled with any sort of prescriptive imitation. Its character, like that of its country, follows no guide, but that which is directed by principles, and such only as are necessary to a just and suitable imitation. Hence that variety which distinguishes its exhibitions and galleries, and the consequence of which is that the pleasure of looking upon works of art remains unsated.

At what period the arts in this country will be allowed to have reached their climax, and from whence their decline shall be dated, is not very easy to say, any more than what can render their encouragement permanent. A love and taste for the arts among the opulent must afford something on which to build a hope; and it might be imagined, that when its patrons themselves enter upon its practice, that a proper appreciation of merit would be followed by discrimination and encouragement; unless, indeed, competition should interfere, in which case it may place the artist and the patron in the attitude of rivals, as we have seen in that of a master and his pupil. We do not here speak of the professional practitioner, for in that instance it is a necessary consequence, and only the struggle of emulation. But when the amateur is to divide the praise with the artist, he will not be apt to let any works beside his own interfere with, or break in upon exclusive commendation.

We cannot perhaps better explain this than by an anecdote.

A young lady in the country, from the display of her performances, was considered to be a tolerably good artist. She had received much instruction, and more praise. Her drawings, hung up, were admired by all. They were the theme on which her parents never tired.

"And did your daughter, madam, draw this—and this too—and this, and this?"

"All, all," was answered in the affirmative.

Now it happened on a day, when these praises and anecdotes were going on, that the master was present; and whether his wits or his discretion had taken flight, we know not, but only conclude it must have been so; for he was silly enough to put in for his share of praise, by claiming the greater part of the works as his own.

The result may be easily anticipated. The pupil was rendered insignificant—the instructor dismissed.

The arts may, in some instances, be in this predicament: the practical connoisseur may have no objection to making a collection from the old masters, but he may not so readily admit contemporary talent to mingle with his own.

A knowledge of the principles of the arts, as making a part of polite education, is far more likely to afford a just and adequate patronage.

Mr. James's work concludes with a brief history of the schools of sculpture, with observations on the styles of the different masters, tracing them from the grand and simple of *M. Angelo*, to the picturesque, (as the

calls it) of *Bernini* and his imitators, all of whom fell into this false style, with the exception of *Du Fresnoy*, better known by the name of *il Fiamingo*, on whose merits, as well as those of *Benvenuto Cileni*, he might have given more ample details. The works of the former are, perhaps, best compared with the forms of *Corregio*; and the life of the latter would have afforded great scope for observation and anecdote.

Upon the whole, this volume will be found very interesting for the student's shelf, and useful as a book of reference, both to the artist and amateur. We consider the observations on the effect of climate to be very judicious; and indeed all the strictures are sound and sensible, though in a few instances perhaps theoretical principles are carried too far. For example, when *Teniers* is cited in support of the general rule, that a momentary stagnation of action is the fittest point for pictorial representation, we cannot help remembering a multitude of his works in which dancing, romping, and the liveliest action is exhibited. The same applies to all battle-pieces—to such subjects as the race of *Atalanta*—and many others, as well classical as simply natural. Another instance of exaggerating his opinion, and pushing his argument too far, is, we think, given by the author in his *Philippic* against antiquity and learning, as trammels on modern genius. It is true that invention has not so wide a field to range in, but at the same time knowledge is presented to us in a perfect form, instead of our having the toil and trouble of digging for it.

Mr. James assigns far too little consequence to this great advantage, without which all genius, except supernatural, would be as nothing—

So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

We had intended to submit some remarks upon this work in reference to the state of the arts in England at this period; but a strange article in the last *Edinburgh Review* will furnish an apter ground-work, and enables us, by closing this review, to divide the subject into two notices of reasonable length.

Scene and Minutes.

ON AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

CHAPTER VII.

A Morning Walk along the Strand.—Fountain Gardens.

It was the twenty-ninth of May, when, according to a favourite custom, I took an early walk from my old lodgings in *Spring Gardens*, to *Charing Cross*, to see the statue of *Charles I.* decorated as usual with oak boughs, to commemorate the Restoration. This memento of respect for the unfortunate House of Stuart, has always made a grateful impression on my mind.

I can remember the time, when the surrounding neighbours took a deep interest in the decking of the "Black man upon the black-horse," and it was the first sign they looked for in opening the windows of their

dormitories in this sweet season of the spring. But now, all interest in these customs and observances appears to have died away; and I stood alone, as it seemed to myself, the last remaining leaf of the last branch of that Old Royal Oak Society, which made the latter end of May a social epoch in the smiling year.

Yet were no times more loyal than when we met at the Turk's Head to celebrate the Restoration, and to chat about the days of the "merry monarch," *Charles*. There was a sentiment in these meetings, to perpetuate the memory of the past epochs, which largely tended to the public good. And I am of opinion, with *David Garrick*, who used to say, "he that had no taste for a Christmas carol nor a Michaelmas goose, is not a man to my taste." *Garrick* had a great regard for the observance of old English customs.

I looked around me, and what a change! I had recently seen *Scott's* picture of *Charing Cross*. The long low roof of my worthy old colleague *Pollock*, so long the saddler of our late venerable sovereign, alone remained with the statue, and grey-headed *Ephraim*, in *statu-quo*.

The surrounding shops† were in *Scott's* time nearly all open, the woollen-draperies with their cloths exposed in coloured piles; and the imitative clothes carved in wood, red, yellow, blue, and all the rainbow tints, and the splendid sign of the golden sun, hanging on its curiously wrought iron bearings far into the street; and next to this, a long string of narrow casks, various in colour as a tailor's pattern book, that told an oil and colourman lived there.

The heavy leathern conveniences too, the hackney-coach, and lesser vehicle, the sedan, made the picture interesting to the sight.

Here I could not forego the melancholy satisfaction of ruminating on the past. Alas! poor *Charles*. On this spot, what turbulent scenes had been performed; a part of the tragedy of thy reign! Here did the infatuated republicans pull down the fine gothic cross, unwittingly to make the space for thy illustrious effigy. Yet, "how frail are the imaginations of the evil-doers!" Those, who from this ancient site, viewed thy scaffold before *White-Hall*, saw the hurdles pass that bore the regicide to his more ignominious doom.

In 1649, the head of the sovereign was held, reeking in its warm blood, by the hand of a masked executioner. In 1660, only eleven years after, retribution stepped

* This view of *Charing-Cross* is in water colours; and such its fidelity, that every shop is known by its wares or its sign. A series of engravings, from the many pictures and drawings scattered in different collections, would form an interesting illustration for a History of London. In a future number, I shall give a list of several that I have seen.

† In visiting the shop of *Mr. Pollock* recently, I looked in vain for an old acquaintance, the tiger, so admirably stuffed to resemble life; and which had terrified many a little squealing brat who is now grown as great a sage as *Ephraim*.

on the heels of the traitors. At the trial of King Charles, out of one hundred and thirty judges, only seventy-four sat. Sixty-four were present at the session, and fifty-nine affixed their guilty hands, and seals to his death warrant. Of these, twenty-four had already been summoned to that dread audit, "where no secrets are hidden." Twenty-seven were taken, tried, and condemned; some experienced that clemency of the royal son, they had denied the kindly father. Nine of these judges, and five principal abettors of the murder of their sovereign, suffered the penalty of their crimes; whilst only sixteen, who sat in judgment on their lord and king fled and finally escaped.

Looking eastward, as I advanced, having set out to pass a long day with that intelligent collector, my excellent friend, Mr. Baker of St. Paul's, I looked to my right, upon Northumberland-House.† There I was reminded of one object that has been spared; and onward, the general feature is nearly as it appeared half a century ago. Although proceeding step by step, even this part bears testimony of the increasing wealth of the shop-keepers from that time. Some jutting upper apartments scattered here and there, keep up the picturesque coup-d'œil.

The morning was fine, and I walked down to the river-side, till I stopped at the site of much delight in my early days—to look at the magnificent bridge, named in compliment to the immortal hero of Waterloo. The porter admitted me, and I once more stood on the old "Villier's-Walk."§ I sat me down on the bench, beneath Inigo Jones's water-gate, and looked up at the apartments where I saw poor Hogarth for the last time. I was then about sixteen.

Villier's-Walk was then the summer evening promenade for the good wives and fair daughters of the neighbourhood. On Sundays it was crowded; and imagination brings to my ears the rustling of the silken gowns of Mrs. Lintot || and Mrs. Cadell, when they curtsied to the wife of Mr. Godfrey; ¶ and well do I recollect, Garrick mimicking the formal

† A thousand wagers have been won and lost in my younger days at the Turk's-head, upon the question, which way the lion on Northumberland-house turned his tail; and I am ashamed to say, to this hour, I could not venture to declare which way the lion looks, so often have I been bewildered with the subject when absent from home. Yea, I have sometimes thought the lion is secretly turned about. Some *obscure waggerists* on the *loving side*, have stoutly maintained this opinion!

§ This promenade is now little frequented, although it is pleasant and cool on a summer evening. There are four entrances to it with iron gates, all locked; but a porter attends, who has a lodge that commands a view of the Thames. For many years, the place of porter was filled by the identical *Strap*, the humble friend of Smollett.

|| Mrs. Lintot, an ancient maiden lady, a relative of Bernard Lintot, Pope's publisher.

¶ The wife of Mr. Godfrey, chemist, the sign of the Phoenix, Southampton-street; in whose family the concern had been carried on for more than a century. The first Mr. Godfrey being a disciple of the great Boyle.

bows of Dr. * * * (who had that day preached a charity sermon at St. Martin's in the Fields,) to Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, the silversmith and banker of Craig's Court, on their complimenting the learned gentleman on his eloquence and success. Garrick made the party laugh, moreover, by a gratuitous specimen of the old doctor's style of oratory; who could hardly give it utterance for very fat. Old Mrs. Cartony *, received a slight bow from the doctor, for her encomiums on his "fine discourse." Garrick asked from the window, of Mr. Squires †, "who that comely clergyman might be?" Squires informed him, but I have forgotten his name.

My uncle Zachary had a friend, a virtuoso, who had a suite of apartments at the bottom house the east corner of Buckingham Street, York Buildings; the parlour looked immediately on Villier's Walk, and consequently commanded a fine view of the Thames from Westminster to St. Paul's. The house had been occupied by Peter Czar ‡, whilst he remained in the British metropolis. Thither I frequently went on a Sunday evening with my indulgent great uncle; and there I have seen almost all the wits of the time.

The events of that memorable evening, when I last saw the "moral painter of mankind," I remember, even to the minute circumstance of what we had for supper. Cold lamb, and some delicious early cucumbers from a garden at Vauxhall, brought by Mr. Tiers, after the cloth was laid; whilst Dr. Zachary § Gray, was at the host's request, being like most distinguished sons of the church, *au fait* at such operations, dressed the salad.

The windows were open, for the evening was sultry though in the beginning of June. The moon was at the full, and with dazzling brightness silvered the edges of the rippling stream athwart from shore to shore. The clouds were magnificently grand, for the sun had set in glorious majesty after the storm. We were all admiring the beautiful effect from the windows, when a boat tacking across, (a dark object o'er the illuminated waves,) flitted by; and the stentorian voice of the mad cap Hayman, shouted, What cheer Ho! The iron gate beneath the rustic arch was unlocked; and behold, the worthy crew were Jonathan Tiers, Hayman, Wale ||, Monsieur Roquet ¶, Rouilliac, and Beau Astley. §§

* Mrs. Cartony, the wife of the tea-dealer, where most capital grocery was to be had.

† Mr. Squires, an apothecary in the Strand.

‡ A curious fellow, a sort of mountebank philosopher, in those days of oddity, waited upon Peter Czar at this house, and made him an artificial gem for a ring, with a *broom-stick* and a *dist*, which was set in gold, and worn by the illustrious stranger.

§ Dr. Zachary Gray, author of the celebrated edition of Hudibras, with the Doctor's learned and interesting Notes; for which Hogarth designed a series of plates.

|| Wale and Hayman for many years supplied the graphic illustrations for all the *picture books*.

¶ Monsieur Roquet, an enamel painter, wrote a curious book on the state of the arts in Eng-

land; it had thundered all Saturday night, and until four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, so that Tiers had been constrained to dine mump-chance with Mr. Dawson, ** at Vauxhall; the bad weather had kept him from his usual journey to his country house. Hence these his protégés and friends had walked over from town, on a speculative visit, hoping to find him at home. The genius of sociability favored their expedition, and they all got into a sailing boat at Vauxhall, and made a pleasant passage down to Buckingham Stairs. Hayman was a capital sailor. Now the party seemed all but complete, when in walked Sterne and Caleb Whiteford † on his arm, the youngest of the group except myself; and certainly, the quaintest of them all. O! what a co-tterie of talent, originality, and naïveté. Had it not been Sunday night, I might even now, in this more sober age, have boasted of their having sat it out until the eastern sky promised a beautiful morn—Garrick excepted, who left at twelve, for his house in Southampton Street; saying with his usual gaiety, "Egad, I shall have to tame a shrew to night."

He had entertained us with a circumstantial detail of his conversation with his Majesty in the green-room. The young King and Queen had been at the theatre the preceding week. Roscius, as usual, was a little too egotistical, and Sterne rallied him most playfully. Dr. Gray set the hint a going, and the group accosted him the whole night, and for a long time subsequently, as "Sir David," in anticipation of something that had escaped him about knighthood.

Among other sprightly subjects which I recollect my uncle Zachary to have mentioned many years after—for being unused at that early age to such late hours, I had fallen asleep, was some cross-readings which Caleb Whiteford had made from the newspapers. He was the inventor of that species of whimsical, but witty absurdity. Garrick obtained for his allotment some well merited compliments, by way of compensation for a few pointed *shots* at his vanity. One I particularly remember, for I was awakened by the loud laughter it excited, gave a home thrust at Mr. Jonathan Tiers, and his "*bonne compagnie* every one," for

land; also a descriptive account of Hogarth's prints, in French, for the use of Marshal Belleisle, who was a prisoner in England. This also accompanied Hogarth's works abroad, particularly in France, where they were much sought by the cognoscenti.

|| Beau Astley was a painter of portraits, a fellow disciple with Sir Joshua Reynolds, under Hudson. He was a bon vivant, and had the good fortune to marry Lady Daniel, whom he survived, and came into an estate by her demise of 5000*l.* per annum. He lived in Pall Mall, in the house built by the Duke of Schomberg.

** Mr. Dawson, who established the plate glass manufactory there; and father of Mr. Dawson the banker, of eccentric memory, who had every spoke of his carriage wheels painted a different colour.

† Caleb Whiteford, the facetious Vice-President of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, the friend of Dr. Franklin, and a principal promoter of the peace between England and America.

their Bacchanalian revels on the Lord's day. Hayman* had a taste of his satiric scourge, for his long shanked figures, and his mad frolics. Doctor Zachary Gray read the apposite rhodomontade with consummate humour, and poor Laurence Sterne laughed himself into an asthmatic fit of coughing that almost stopped his breath. These cross-readings, however, were wrapped up in such good humour, that he must have been morose indeed who could have felt offence at honest Caleb.

Mr. Jonathan Tiers, to whose spirited exertions are owing the delightful and innocent summer amusements at *Spring Gardens*, the splendid imitation of a night scene in the musings of romance, richly deserved the tide of success that flowed to Vauxhall. He was the friend and patron of the ingenious men of his time. Like King Charles the Second, he mixed the fine gentleman with the *bon vivant*, possessed a warm and generous heart, and was consequently most liberal to those whose talents contributed to his plans. He was esteemed by the composers who wrote for his orchestra, and did abundant kind offices for his vocal and instrumental performers. The ladies, whose sweet notes silenced the nightingales of his illuminated groves, experienced in him an intrepid protector from the freedoms of the gay bloods and bucks of those less polished times, until every one struck with his gallant manners, emulated his address, and these public favorites were treated with becoming attention and respect.

Vauxhall is noticed as early as June 1732, at which time a *Ridotto al fresco* was the entertainment. About four hundred persons assembled, in the proportion of ten males to one female; hence we may suppose that the general opinion was not in favour of the morality of the meeting. Most of the subscribers appeared in dominoes and masks. They retired by four o'clock in the morning. Such, however, was the licentious spirit of the times—and then even gentlemen's servants wore swords—that a hundred soldiers were necessarily stationed at the entrance, to preserve order.

* Francis Hayman. The four pictures from Shakspeare, which he painted for the Pavilion of the Prince (the father of our late venerable sovereign) at Vauxhall, were so much esteemed by his patron, Mr. Tiers, that he had them copied, and removed the originals to his own residence. Hayman was President of the Incorporated Society of Painters, and subsequently an R. A. and librarian of the Royal Academy.

+ "Tide of success." It was the custom even for genteel parties to go by water to Vauxhall, which opened earlier 60 years ago. Mr. Tiers had two of the headles of the Waterman's Company to attend at Vauxhall Stairs from five to eleven o'clock, to prevent imposition and abuse. In 1738 silver tickets were sold at twenty-four shillings each, to admit two for the season. A single admittance was one shilling. Mr. Tiers presented his esteemed friend Hogarth with a golden ticket of admission, in perpetuity. I have been informed that the venerable Mr. Shield, who has composed "so much and so well" for these gardens, is now the possessor of the singular privilege.

Yet Vauxhall, in spite of the managers, was for many years the occasional scene of sad disorders. Ladies were forced from their parties by drunken bucks into the dark walks, and treated with savage rudeness, which terrified respectable females from remaining in the gardens after midnight.

About the time of the above mentioned meeting, the proprietor of Vauxhall pledged himself to the public, that the dark walks should be lighted; no bad women, known to be such, should be admitted; and watchmen were hired to keep the peace.

Tiers had a country house near Leatherhead, and it was his delight to pass his Sunday, and part of Monday there, during the Vauxhall season, with artists and wits, many of whom he almost supported by his bounty.

The gardens were closed at twelve on Saturday nights, when some of those whom he selected, got into his carriage, and others into a hired coach, and after that late hour set off for his pleasant retreat. There they ruralized until Monday, when, taking an early dinner, they returned to London in time for the opening of Spring Gardens. Many interesting anecdotes of these parties I remember long ago to have heard from Frank Hayman, whose facetious spirit enlivened every club and society (and they were many) to which he belonged, in that age for tavern meetings.

Hogarth's talent was called in to aid the decoration of Vauxhall, by Mr. Tiers, and so was that of Hayman, then, (such was the deplorable state of painting in England,) considered the best painter of history. Others, ingenious in the inferior departments of art, were liberally rewarded for their assistance in this public place. Roubilliac also found a patron in Mr. Tiers; and the exquisite statue of the great Handel, from his chisel, in Parian marble, remains a record of the virtue and talent of the excellent triumvirate.

He did not confine his patronage, however, to these. The house at Stockwell, built by this munificent gentleman, and now occupied by his respected relative, Mrs. Barrett, displays in an apartment, grand and spacious for the time it was built, a collection of the works of all the best painters of the day. Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Barrett, Zoffany, and others, enow, amply to repay the connoisseur for a ride to Stockwell.

The last time I went to these beautiful gardens, and contemplated the statue of the modern Orpheus with his lyre, I could not but indulge in a reverie of what he would have felt, on hearing his Messiah performed by the glorious band in Westminster Abbey, or what the liberal Jonathan Tiers would have experienced, on beholding his Elysium splendidly illuminated with nearly forty thousand lamps!

It is worthy of remark, that in an account of Vauxhall, to which was prefixed a view of the orchestra, by that general illustrator, William Wale, it is proudly stated, "When it grows dark, the garden is illuminated almost in an instant, with about 1500 glass

lamps, which glitter among the trees, and render it exceeding light and brilliant."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GALVANISM AND MAGNETISM.

Experiments on the influence of the Voltaic Pile upon the magnetic needle, by Mr. J. Chr. Ørsted, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Copenhagen.

[Translated from the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for August.]

The first experiments on the subject which I now undertake to illustrate, were made in the lectures which I delivered last winter on electricity and magnetism. They shewed, in general, that the magnetic needle changed its direction from the influence of the Voltaic apparatus, and that this effect took place when the circuit was formed, and not when it was interrupted, a method which celebrated philosophers had tried in vain several years ago. But as my experiments had been made with an apparatus of small power, the effect of which was not so striking as the importance of the fact to be established seemed to me to require, I requested my friend M. Esnarch, counsellor of justice to his majesty, to join me in repeating them with a more considerable apparatus. We had also associates and witnesses in the Chevalier Vüelgel and Messrs. Hanch, Reinhardt (professor of natural history), Jacobsen (professor of physic, and a very able chemist), and Zeise, professor of philosophy. I also made some experiments alone, and when they afforded me any new information I took care to repeat them in the presence of these eminent men of science.

In the following details I shall omit every thing that led me to the discovery, and confine myself to the facts which confirm it.

Our Voltaic apparatus was composed of twenty rectangular copper receptacles, contiguous to each other, the length and the height of which were about twelve inches, and the breadth about two inches and a half. Each receptacle is formed of two plates of copper inclined in such a manner that they can bear the copper rod which supports the plate of zinc in the water of the adjoining receptacle. The water with which the receptacles are filled contains 1-60th of its weight of sulphuric acid, and another sixtieth of nitric acid. The portion of each plate of zinc immersed in this liquid is a square, the side of which is about ten inches. Less powerful apparatus may be employed; it is sufficient if it be able to heat a metal wire red hot.

The opposite poles of the Voltaic apparatus are made to communicate by a metal

* We received this paper, written in Latin, and hasten to publish it, requesting, what we are sure we shall receive, the earnest attention of our chemical and philosophical readers to so curious and important a narrative:

† The following is the original, which is not clear, "Quodvis receptaculum duabus laminis cupreis instructum est, ita inclinatis, ut baculum cupreum qui laminam zincam, in aqua receptaculi proxime sustentat portare possit."

wire, which we shall call, for brevity's sake, the *conducting* wire, and we shall designate the effect which manifests itself in and about this conductor during the Voltaic action, by the epithet of *electric conflict*.

Suppose now that the rectilinear part of this wire be horizontal, and placed above and parallel to the needle of a compass, freely suspended. The apparatus must besides be constituted in such a manner, that the conducting wire may be bent at pleasure, to give to its active part the position which the experiment requires.

In that which we have just supposed the magnetic needle will move, so that under that part of the conducting wire which is the nearest to the negative pole of the apparatus, it will decline towards the west.

If the wire is not more than three quarters of an inch from the needle, the declination of the latter makes an angle of about forty-five degrees. If this distance is augmented the angle decreases in proportion. The absolute quantity of this deviation varies accordingly as the apparatus is more or less powerful.

You may change the direction of the conducting wire towards the east or towards the west, provided it remains parallel to the needle, without any change in the result, except with respect to its extent; whence it follows that the effect cannot be attributed to attraction; for the same pole of the needle which approaches to the conducting wire when it is on the east side, ought to recede from it when it is placed on the west side, if these declinations depended upon attractions or repulsions. The conductor may be composed of several wires or fillets united in a *faisceau*. The kind of metal employed does not change the effect, but it may perhaps have some influence on its extent. We have employed, with equal success, wire of platina, gold, silver, brass, and iron, fillets of lead, of pewter, and of mercury. When the circuit is interrupted by water, the conductor does not lose its whole effect, unless the interruption takes place for a space of several inches.

The effect of the conducting wire on the magnetic needle takes place through glass, metals, wood, water, resin, vessels of baked earth, and stony substances. All these substances interposed between the conductor and the needle, do not appear sensibly to diminish the influence of the one on the other. It is the same if you interpose between them the disc of an electrophorus, a band of porphyry, a saucer full of water. It is not necessary to remark, that the passage of electricity, whether common or Voltaic, through those divers substances, had not been yet observed. Thus the effects which manifest themselves in the electric conflict, are very different from those which the action of either pole, considered separately, can produce.

If the conducting wire is disposed horizontally *below* the needle, the effects are of the same nature as those which take place when it is *above* it; but they are produced in an inverse direction, that is to say, the pole of the needle below which is that part of the

conducting wire which receives the negative electricity of the apparatus, declines then towards the east.

In order more easily to call to mind these results, they may be reduced to this formula; viz. that "the pole *above* which the negative electricity enters declines to the *west*; and to the *east* if it enters *below* it."

If the conducting wire (always supposed horizontal) is gradually turned so as to form a larger or smaller angle with the magnetic meridian, the declination of the magnetic needle augments if the motion of the wire tends towards the place of the needle; it diminishes, on the contrary, if it recedes from it.

When the conducting wire (being horizontal) is rendered parallel to the needle (balanced by a little running or counter weight), it does not make it decline either to the east or to the west, but it inclines it in a vertical plane, so that the pole next to which the negative action of the pile affects the wire, is depressed when the wire is situated on the west side, and elevated when it is situated on the east side.

If the conducting wire is placed either above or below the needle, in a plane perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, the needle remains at rest, unless the wire be very near to the pole of the needle, for then the pole rises when the entrance (of the electricity) takes place by the western part of the wire, and sinks when it takes place by the eastern side.

When you place the conducting wire perpendicularly opposite to the pole of the needle, and the upper extremity of the wire receives the electricity from the negative side of the apparatus, the pole of the needle moves towards the east; but if the wire is placed opposite a point between the pole and the middle of the needle, it moves towards the west. The phenomena appear in an inverse order when the upper extremity of the conducting wire receives the electricity of the positive side of the apparatus.

If you bend the conducting wire, so as to render the two parts parallel, after bending them it repels or attracts the two magnetic poles, according to circumstances. If the wire be placed relatively to either of the poles of the needle, so that the vertical plane which separates the two parallel sides of the wire be perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, and if then the eastern branch of the wire be joined to the negative extremity of the apparatus, and the western branch to the positive extremity, then the nearest pole of the needle will be seen to be repelled towards the east, or towards the west, according to the situation of the plane of the branches. When the eastern branch

¶ This is not very clear: the Latin runs thus: "Filum conjungens in plano horizontali in quo movetur acus magnetica, ope saccomatis equilibrata situm, et acui parallelum, eandem nec orientem, nec occidentem versus deterbat, sed tantummodo in plano inclinationis nutare fecit; ita ut poles, penes quem ingreditur vis negativa electrica deprimatur, quando ad latus occidentale, et elevatur quando ad orientale, situm est."

of the wire is made to communicate with the positive side of the apparatus, and its western branch with the negative side, the nearest pole is attracted. When the plane of the branches of the wire is perpendicular to the needle in a point equidistant from the centre and from the pole, the same effects follow, but in inverse directions.

A needle of brass, suspended in the same manner as one of steel, is not put in motion by the influence of the conducting wire. It is the same with a needle made of glass, or of gum lac.

Let us now take a cursory view of the ensemble of these phenomena.

The electric conflict acts only on the magnetic particles of matter. All non-magnetic bodies are permeable to the electric conflict; but magnetic bodies, or more properly speaking, the magnetic particles of these bodies, resist the passage of this conflict, so that they may be set in motion by the action of those forces, which combat each other.

It appears from the facts related, that the electric conflict is not confined within the conducting wire, but that it has a sphere of activity of some extent round it.

We may also conclude, from these observations, that this conflict acts in a rotatory manner; for without this supposition, we could not comprehend how the same portion of the conducting wire, which, when placed below the magnetic pole, carries the needle towards the east, should propel it towards the west when it is above this pole. But such is the nature of the circular action, that the motions which it produces take place in directions precisely contrary at the two extremities of the same diameter. It appears also that the circular motion, combined with the progressive motion, in the direction of the length of the conducting wire, must form a species of action which exerts itself about this wire as an axis. This remark, however, does not at all contribute to explain the phenomena observed.

All the effects, which have just been related with respect to the north pole of the needle, will be easily explained by supposing, that the negatively electric force on matter traverses a spiral, bending from left to right, that it propels the north pole, and that it does not act on the south pole. In the same manner we shall explain the effects on this latter, by giving to this force, or to this negatively electric matter, a motion in a contrary direction, and the faculty of acting on the south pole and not upon the north pole. The agreement of this law with the facts observed will be better comprehended by repeating the experiments, than by endeavouring to develop the explanation more at length. It would have been rendered clearer if the aid of figures could have been used, to point out the directions of the electric forces about the conducting wire.

I shall add only one remark: in a work published several years ago, I demonstrated that caloric and light composed the electric conflict. We may legitimately conclude from the observations which I have just re-

lated, that those effects take place by revolving motions. I am persuaded that these facts may contribute to clear up those which relate to what is called the polarity of light.

J. CHRISTIAN ØRSTED,
Knight of the Order of Danebrog, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Copenhagen, Secretary to the Royal Society of Sciences.
Copenhagen, 21st July, 1820.

(We shall give in our next number the highly interesting experiments of Professor Pictet of Geneva, on this subject.)

NEW DISCOVERED ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Stockholm, September.—The journal called *Almanna*, contains a letter from Major J. A. Graaen, to his friend and patron, General Baron Björnstjerna, dated July 2d, 1819, from the Island of Bouru, one of the Moluccas. He was upon a voyage from Valparaiso to Bengal, on board a vessel, with a rich cargo of the productions of Chili, viz. 3000 cwt. of copper, and gold and silver bullion to the amount of 350,000 piastres, for the purpose of exchanging them for the rich produce of India. The Major's object both in his many years' residence in South America, and in this voyage, was to promote the Swedish commerce; a plan of which he seems to have entertained the most sanguine hopes. The free importation of Swedish iron being allowed, he says, "in Chili, it will thus find its way to Peru, and all over the continent of South America; and an easy and most profitable commerce may be established between South America and Bengal direct. It was with full confidence of success in this first attempt that he was on his way to India; but unfortunately he did not live to reach his destination. He discovered in the South Sea a numerous group of islands, the largest of which he called Oscar's Island, in honor of the present Crown Prince of Sweden. He gives some account both of the islands which he visited, and the manners of their inhabitants. He paints the system of government of Buenos Ayres and Chili, during Puyredon's administration, as in all respects interested, intriguing, revengeful, and cowardly.

METEORIC STONE.

St. Petersburg, 15th September.
A meteoric stone, weighing 40 lbs. fell from the air during a violent thunder storm, at six o'clock in the evening, on the 12th of July, in the village of Listen, in the circle of Dunaburg, and the government of Wittebsk. It penetrated a foot and a half in the ground, whence it was dug up by the peasants, and has been chemically analyzed by Dr. Eichler. The Imperial Academy of Sciences commissioned one of its members to examine it, who found the specific gravity of the stone to be 3.718. In the air it weighed 6 oz. 5 dr. 50 gr.* and lost in water, of

* There appears to be some omission here; probably a piece of stone of the weight here specified may have been knocked off, and sent to St. Petersburg for examination. —E.

the temperature of 13° 4' Reaumur, 1 oz. 6 dr. 18 gr. in weight; consequently the cubic content of this aerolite was 3.4 English cubic inches, if a cubic inch of water is taken at 253 gr. Notwithstanding the small size, and the few pores that could be perceived, its weight in the water, after it had been well dried, had increased 68 gr. A magnetic needle was pretty quickly attracted, as well in an horizontal as in a vertical direction, by all points of its surface, but it did not at all attract iron filings.

Mr. Ackerman's Monthly Repository speaks in the following terms of an ingenious fire-alarm, invented by a Mr. J. G. Colbert.

"This instrument is portable, of the size and general appearance of a timepiece, except that the dial-plate exhibits a semicircle marked with the degrees from 1 to 180. When the index is placed at half or a whole degree, or more, above the heat of the atmosphere at the time, any increase of temperature beyond the degree indicated, sets the alarm in motion, and thus gives notice of the approaching danger. Hence it is obvious, that the principle of the thermometer has been applied to this instrument, which may be placed in any situation, and is sold at prices varying from five to thirty guineas, according to the plainness or elegance of the execution. All those who wish to obtain an additional security against the dangers of fire by night, may have an opportunity of inspecting this contrivance at Mr. Ackerman's."

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Oct. 14.

On the 7th, the Rev. Prodsham Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brasenose college, resigned the Vice Chancellorship, and the Rev. George Wm. Hall, D. D. Master of Pembroke college, was invested with that office with the usual formalities, and nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz.:

The Rev. Thomas Lee, D. D. President of Trinity college; the Rev. Prodsham Hodson, D. D. Principal of Brasenose college; the Rev. Richard Jenkyns, D. D. Master of Balliol coll.; the Rev. John Collier Jones, D. D. Rector of Exeter coll.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Degrees and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing Term, viz.—Tuesday, October 10; Thursday, October 26; Thursday, November 16, and Friday, 24; Tuesday, December 5, Tuesday 12, and Monday, 18.

Tuesday, October 10th, the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. J. Ireland, Queen's College; Rev. W. Prowse, St. Edmund's Hall; Rev. J. Forster Jewett, St. John's College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—G. Brettell, Esq. and H. Heaven, Esq. Exeter College, Grand Compounders; B. Young, St. Edmund's Hall; J. Hanbury, Christ Church; J. Holcombe, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 6.

The following gentlemen, Bachelors of Arts of Trinity college, were on the 1st inst. elected foundation Fellows of that society:

S. Hawkes, J. Hutton Fisher, T. Thorp, W. Sidney Walker, Horatio Waddington, C. Smith Bird, T. Pell Platt, H. Coddington.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 13.

The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last admitted to degrees:

MASTER OF ARTS.—Stephen Croft, of Trinity college.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—W. Evans, of Jesus college; Woodthorpe Collett, of Catherine Hall; J. N. Davidson, of Queen's coll.; P. Leigh and J. H. Manderville, of Trin. coll.; Brooke Greville, of St. John's coll.

There will be congregations on the following days of the present term:

Wednesday, Oct. 25, at eleven; Wednesday, Nov. 8, at eleven; Wednesday, Nov. 29, at eleven; Saturday, Dec. 16, (end of term) at ten.

FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—In consequence of reading a paragraph inserted in your Weekly Literary Gazette, under the head of Varieties, I observed the following. (See No. 191.)

"The busts of celebrated Italians, which have hitherto adorned the Pantheon at Rome, were lately removed to a gallery prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, where it is in contemplation to form a museum of all the celebrated men that Italy has produced. The writer of an article inserted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* strongly censures the removal of the busts of Raphael, and of other distinguished men who were buried in the church of the Rotunda (the Pantheon). It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the church: and, with the exception of Carlo Maratta, it is pretty certain that none of the great men, whose busts have lately been removed, were buried there."

It appears to me, that you have been misled in the assertion you have made, "that it is doubtful whether the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the church;" and with the exception of Carlo Maratta, &c.

It is universally acknowledged, by the Romans themselves, that the mortal remains of Raphael only were deposited in the Rotunda, and at the expense of Carlo Maratta; under his bust is this distich, composed by Cardinal Bembo.

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci.
"Rerum Magna Parens, et moriente mori."

It is thus elegantly rendered into Italian by Bellori—

"Questi è quel Raphael, cui viva vinta.
"Esser temeo Natura, e morto estinta."

The remains of Carlo Maratta lie deposited in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeoli, built by Angelo, on the ruins of the baths of Diocletian. The tomb of Salvator Rosa corresponds with it. As Raphael's

tomb was erected at the expence of Carlo Maratta, I thought you might have made some confusion, misconceiving the remains of Carlo Maratta to have been buried in the Pantheon, when Raphael's alone were interred there.

I certainly censure the removal of the busts of those distinguished characters, particularly since the immortal Raphael was deposited there; for it is sacrilege itself to separate his bust from his deposit: and no place can be better adapted for such a purpose than the Pantheon. It is an acknowledged fact, that every artist who studied at Rome is ambitious of having his bust placed in that superb temple. Canova is full with the happiness he is sure to enjoy in that respect.

What a pity, that England should be deficient in such public institutions, where emulation is excited, and merit handed down to posterity! Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me your constant reader.

W. V.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

SONNET.

To Isaac Fitzand, the Sailor-Poet, author of the "Harp of the Desert," &c.

Bard of the inclement and unfertile deep!
Whose lone harp, cradled on the rushing wave,

Was strung to the loud storm and battle brave,

Sounding irregular, as the surges sweep,
Its native sea-notes to the shock, or sleep

Of conscious waters—all unheard, too, save
By some charm'd ocean-nymph, from pearly cave,

Hearkening to wonder! Bard, foredoom'd to weep!

Thy very name, proscribed and desolate man!
Bears ominous impress of thy destiny—

Like the first Ismael, an unnatural ban
Has to the desert driven thy muse and thee;

But vain, alas! her supplicating cry,
Worse than the Hebrew, thou art left to die!

ANNA MATILDA.

VAUCLUSE.

Tall rocks begirt the lovely valley round,
Like barriers guarding its sweet loneliness;
Clouds rested on their summits, and their sides
Darken'd with aged woods, where ivy twined
And green moss grew unconscious of the sun:
Rushing in fury from a gloomy cave,
Black like the dwelling place of Death and Night,
An angry river came; at first it traced
Its course in wrath, and the dark cavern rang
With echoes to its hoarse and sullen roar;
But when it reach'd the peaceful valley, then,
Like woman's smile soothing wild rage away,
The sunlight fell upon its troubled waves—
It made the waters, like a curbed steed,
Chafed and foamed angrily, but softly flow'd,
A bright unbroken mirror, for the kiss
Of the fair children of its fragrant banks,
And close beside uprose the tree whose form
Had once been beauty's refuge—sacred shade!
Which even the lightning darts not violate,
The hero's trophy and the bard's reward—
The faded laurel.

Vaucluse! thou hast a melancholy charm,
A sweet remembrance of departed time,
When love awoke the lyre from its long sleep,
Unbound the golden wings of poetry,
And in thy groves the graceful Petrarch sought
A shelter where his soul might wander free,
Dwelling on tender thoughts and minstrel dreams,
All that the bard can feel in solitude.
Thy name is in his songs, and it will be
Remembered, when thy woods shall wave no more.

The bee, when varying flowers are nigh,
On many a sweet will careless dwell;
Just sips their dew, and then will fly
Again to its own fragrant cell:—
Thus tho' my heart, by fancy led,
A wanderer for a while may be,
Yet soon returning whence it fled,
It comes more fondly back to thee.

L.

"Yesterday the Lord Bishop of Lincoln (late Bishop of this see) preached his farewell sermon at our Cathedral, from Corinth, xv. last verse.—'Be ye steadfast, immovable,' &c.—*Exeter Paper*, Oct. 1, 1830."

EPIGRAM.

Not what I do, but what I say,
My brethren should be noted,
"Be ye immovable," I pray,
While I move-off promoted.

But good, my Lord, this version looks
Like novel variation:

Nay, nay, my friends, shut up your books,
Mine is the true Translation.

JUVENIS.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—Oct. 14, 1830.

"How will your friends at court," quoth Hal to Bob,

Chuckling at ministers' supposed perdu;
"How will your friends get through this dirty job?"

"I think," quoth Bob, for that they'll send for you."

DOT-AND-GO-ONE.

Theodore Körner's Prayer during the Battle, composed about an hour before his death; and beautifully set to music by Himmel.

(Translated by a Foreigner.)

Father, to Thee I pray!
Dreadful surrounds me the roaring of battle;
Awful's the destruction of raging metal;
Disposer of fate, I pray to thee,
Father, thou guide me!

Father, thou guide me!
Guide me to victory on to my tomb;
Lord! from thy hands I accept my doom!
God, as thou wilt, so conduct me,
God, still I praise thee!

God, still I praise thee!
As well in the rustling of leaves that are falling,
As in the surrounding thunder appalling,
Thou fountain of bliss, I see thee;
Father, thou bless me!

Father, thou bless me!
In thine own hands I now lay my fate,
Thou mak'st how take it—thou giv'st it of late.
For living, for dying, Oh! bless me,
Father, I praise thee!

Father, I praise thee!
We do not contend for ambition, oh Lord!

What's sacred to all, we defend with our sword:
Thus victorious, or dying I praise thee,
God, to thee I commend me!

God to thee I commend me!
When pale death now soon shall sit on my brow;
When my opened veins for my country shall flow,
To thee, oh God! Obedience I vow,
Father, thou bless me now!

On seeing the statues of Hercules and Hygieia near the entrance of a Quack's house.

The empiric has stuck Health and Strength o'er his door,
As, in semblance, he'd say, "Come, and sicken no more!"
But in sooth, 'twould be construed much more to my mind,
"If you once enter here, you must leave these behind!"

A Iambic Reason.

A brawny carter pass'd me on a beast
That seem'd to promise dogs an early feast;
I saw with pity the poor tottering jade
Thump'd into motion all but retrograde;
And wondering how a limping founder'd hack
Could stir with so much "dead weight" on his back,
I spoke my doubts of "thither won't" security.
He answer'd straight with all his tribe-like purity,
And bid me my anxiety abandon—
"The brute must go,—he ha'n't a leg to stand on!"

SONNET.

"Più l'incubi guardi? feci? I don't seem,
Che del futuro mi sguarcia l'edimio."

Whilst on the couch of pain and sorrow laid,
Mourning the past, that ne'er can be recall'd,
I cast my eyes toward the opening shade
Of future years—and start, at once, appall'd.

There shadows direful, and dim shapes appear
Emerging slowly from the spectral gloom;
Disease, and pale remorse, love, hate, and fear
Are seen to drag their victim to the tomb.

The blighted buds of youth that promise'd fair,
Scath'd by the light'ning and the blasts of life,
Bright hopes and fond desires lie scatter'd there,
The mock and scorn of all these forms of strife.

Thus, in the soul's dark twilight, I behold
That deadly vale, by many a dream foretold.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE DUKE OF BORDAUX.

The birth of this important child has given great animation to France! As is usual in that country, charities, illuminations, dramas, poems, medals, compositions; and offerings of every kind, celebrate or commemorate the event. As a partial sketch from this picture of national manners, we annex a specimen of some of the poetical effusions. The three following allude to the firing of 24 cannons, which was the appointed signal for the birth of a boy.

Proclame, airain bruyant, les transports de la France
Un beau lis, en tombant, nous lassait un bouton;

Une nuit de douleur nous légua l'espérance,
Une nuit de bonheur nous présente un BOURBON.

Le réveil d'un royaliste crédule, impromptu.

Déjà douze bons coups, m'écriai-je à l'aurore!
Écoutez... écoutez... le canon tire encore!
C'est un prince, grand Dieu!... Cette fois, je le

dis,
Je ne veux désormais plus croire aux vendredis.

Grande peur, grande joie, impromptu écrit sous
la dictée d'une pièce de vingt-quatre

Le canon! comptons bien. "Un—qu'on fasse
silence.

Deux—chut! trois—dix encore et Dieu sauve la
France!

Quatre—ah, grand Dieu! cinq... six—comme le
cœur nous bat!

Sept—console-nous... huit—de l'horrible attentat.

Nous... D'un bon peuple—dix—exauce la prière!

Onze—du plus beau jour fais briller la lumière!

Douze—quel effroi! treize... ô France! l'en-

tends-tu?

L'enfer nous prit Berri, le ciel nous l'a rendu.

The next verse is from a piece, by M. De-

sangiers, entitled *La France Consolée*.

Gloire, amour au prince chéri,
Qui vient de nous rendre Berri!

Bienfaisante métamorphose!
Le ciel a repris son azur;

Le jour est plus beau, l'air plus pur,
Le cyprès fait place à la rose.

De pourpre et de lis revêtu,
Un enfant sourit à la France,

Et les pleurs d'un peuple abattu
Sont essuyés par l'innocence,

Gloire, amour, etc.

The subjoined specimen is also pretty—it

belongs to a poem by a M. Théaulon.

Viens ô mon luth, et que ce jour célèbre
T'arrache enfin au silence, à l'oubli.

Dépouille-toi de ce voile funèbre
Où ma douleur t'avait enseveli.

Que notre deuil se pare d'espérance!
Dans l'avenir, pour nous, rien n'est perdu,

Chantons encore les Bourbons et la France...
Berri nous est rendu!!!

The journals, and other periodicals, are

filled with tributes of this kind. Among the

medals struck on the occasion are these:—

1. France presenting the young prince to

Esculapius, that his health may be preserved

and his life prolonged: Minerva covers him

with her shield. The legend "*Le Prince*

est né, nos vœux sont exaucés." On the

reverse, the portraits of the Duke and

Duchess of Berri, surrounded by a wreath of

immortality.

2. The head of the young prince, with his

names, titles, and date of his birth. The

reverse, an anchor shaded by a young lily,

plant rises majestically on the left: legend,

"*Présent du Ciel*."

3. Heads of the father and mother. Re-

verse, the infant in his cradle, strangling,

like the young Hercules, a horrible serpent

with each hand. The surrounding motto,

"*Fata aspera Vinus*."

4. Heads as in the foregoing, but the re-

verse has, instead of the babe, an emblem of

him, a new-blown lily at the foot of the

throne, both protected by the Egide of the

tutelar Genius of France. The legend is,

"*Vivez pour le servir, mourez pour le dé-*

fendre."

5. France filled with love presents a new
born infant at the altar—the legend is very
appropriate and affecting—"Tu Carolus
Matri, nobis Henricus."

At 11 o'clock, on the 29th Sept. the an-
nexed brief petition was presented to Mon-
sieur—"Monseigneur, ma femme est ac-
couchée cette nuit à la même heure que ma-
dame la duchess de Berri. Nous sommes
bien pauvres!"—The immediate reply was
a present of 1200 francs.

The following anecdote is also worthy of

preservation:

It was still dark when the order was given
to notify the auspicious birth of the young
prince to the inhabitants of the capital. It
was observed to the Duc de Richelieu, that
it might perhaps be better to wait for the
break of day to fire the cannon; to which
he replied—"For news so glorious, it is
break of day at all hours."

A divertissement, entitled "*Dames de
Bordeaux*," has been produced on the oc-
casion at the Theatre des Variétés. It con-
sists chiefly of complimentary verses of the
Dames of the *Halle*, on presenting a cradle
to the Duchess of Berri, and was of course
loudly applauded. At the Porte St. Martin
a similar piece, called "*Paris, le 29 Sep-
tembre 1820*," has been got up.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN. *Cymbeline*.—On Wed-
nesday the play of *Cymbeline* was revived
at this theatre; and although Charles Kemble
and Macready were, for the first time, the
Leonatus Posthumus and Iachimo; yea,
and though Farley was the Cloten, and we
verily believe, one Mr. Norris the Doctor
Cornelius, it seemeth that but for its allu-
sions to the politics of the day, this drama
would not have been ravished from its
meritorious quietude. It is not for us to
maintain that Mr. Brougham's quoting is
not a sufficient reason for Mr. Harris's act-
ing; since they are both excellent managers,
and know very well what they are about.
But we do with great humility conceive, that
it is a dangerous and foolish thing in the
director of a place of entertainment, to de-
viate so mainly from "the purpose of
playing, (whose end both at the first and
now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mir-
ror up to nature; to show Virtue her own
feature, Scorn her own image," &c.), as to
take any hint from the present exhibition in
another house, under the notion of thereby
pleasing the public. In sober truth, it is an
unbecoming thing to seek for occasion to in-
troduce party squabbles into the theatre; and
we are surprised that Covent Garden, hither-
to so free from that reproach, should have
fallen into the ill-judged practice. There is
nothing in *Cymbeline* itself to induce its re-
vival. The beautiful passages, which are
probably Shakspeare's, and the lovely sim-
plicity of feminine character in Imogen, are
only delectable in the closet, and the drama
must for ever remain one ineffective in re-
presentation. The plot, or rather implica-
tion of several plots, is artificial; the de-
velopment of character bizarre and imperfect;

the manners and sentiments unsuited to the
era to which the story belongs; the incidents
improbable; the mass of the dialogue below
the level of poetry; and even where poeti-
cal (as in the beginning and end of Iachimo's
soliloquy in the bed room of Imogen) marred
for delivery by the circumstances in which
the actor is placed. Accordingly the play
went off very heavily, and as it was merely
meant to catch the effervescence of the mo-
ment, no pains were taken to produce ap-
propriate scenery and decorations. The
landscapes presented the old exotic-covered
canvas, whereon flowers flourished unknown
to Britain for a thousand years posterior to
the date of *Cymbeline*; and the worthy
king's wife, daughter, and courtiers, were
dressed respectively in glossy play-house
satin, Glasgow muslin, and bespangled em-
broidery! Cloten's serenaders were wrapt
in the dominos of the maskers in *Romeo*
and *Juliet*, and every thing belonging to
these Britons of the age of Augustus Cæsar,
betrayed but too plainly, that the ground
upon which *Cymbeline* was brought forward
at this period was one beneath the credit
of a respectable theatre to proceed upon.
Dull as it was, we have very little to say
about the performances. The wagger scene
was skillfully managed, by Messrs. Kemble
and Macready; and the scene in which the
virtue of Imogen is assayed, admirably done
by the latter. Still more spirited was that
where Iachimo convinces Posthumus of his
wife's infidelity: and we may add as its equal,
those parts of the tedious winding up, in
which Posthumus is driven to despair by the
confession of the Italian. At no other
time was the slightest sensation excited in the
auditory, save indeed when passages occurred
calculated to turn a spot devoted to elegant
amusement, into a bear-garden and factious
arena. It is but doing justice to the good
sense of the people, however, to state, that
even here the majority evinced no disposition
to enter into the folly, though the recogniz-
ing plaudits were loud and tumultuous when,
among others, the following passages were
spoken. When in proof of Imogen's adu-
ltery, the bracelet given to her is produced,
Philario says—

It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,

Hath stolen it from her.

Again, *Pisanio*, alluding to his master's
suspicious, exclaims—

What false Italian,
(As poisonous tongued as handed) has prevailed
On thy too ready hearing? Dismal! no,
She's punished for her truth; &c.

And again, the noble picture of slander—

No, tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue

Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.

Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viperous Slander enters.

These, and a few similar passages, were
seized by a number of the audience and

loudly cheered; thus the design in getting up the play could not be said to fail altogether, but we do not think it will enrich the treasury. Posthumus' speech, in which the renowned phrase, "as chaste as unsunned snow" occurs, was omitted. The sweet glee,

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, was encored: and we have but to sum up, by noticing that Miss Foote was a pretty Imogen, both as girl and boy, though in trying to be interesting or pathetic, she sometimes looked as if (according to the saying) she could not help it; Farley a thorough but a modern Cloten; and Abbott a good blunt Polydore. The other performers had no opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

Astley's amphitheatre concluded its amusing diversions on Wednesday, till Easter Monday bids it open its doors again to holiday revellers.

The Adelphi Theatre has recently renewed its operations, but we have not yet had time to enable ourselves to report upon them.

The Olympic is about to open with a company comprehending several of our best comedians; Munden, Downton, Wrench, and others.

And last, not least, in theatrical chit-chat, the Little Theatre, Haymarket, closed on Saturday. The farewell address alluded to the formation of an *Independent House and Company*; the secret of which allusion we believe is, that a number of the most eminent performers of the time project the establishment, at the new theatre, when built, of a dramatic concern something on the footing of such matters in Paris, in which they shall themselves be the proprietors, managers, and principal supports in the way of acting. In short, that the company shall be a joint stock company, and have and perform stock pieces; and controul by an elective executive, and share profits (if any), and provide for the sick and superannuated, out of whatever overflowing fund overflowing houses enable them to realize. So whispers rumour; and it is easy to foresee, that such an event (the patentees will call it a conspiracy) will have a prodigious influence on our national stage.

VARIETIES.

On the 7th October, at the palace of the French Institute, were distributed the prizes decreed by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, for painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and musical composition. The young gentlemen who obtained the highest honours, will, according to the regulations, be pensioned by the King for five years in Italy or in Paris. Their names are Contant, Jacquot, Villani, Lorichon, and Leborne, élèves respectively of Le Gros, Bosio, Percier, Forster, and Cherubini.

Curious circumstance.—On Wednesday, the 27th ult. the wife of a butcher, named Spencer, residing at Gale, near Hawes, Wensleydale, Yorkshire, while paring some

boiled potatoes for dinner, cut off a part of one and ate it; when she discovered a small black spot on the remaining part: and on her applying her knife to take it out, she found the potatoe hollowed in the middle, and a lizard nearly four inches long concealed in it, but without any apparent orifice by which it could have introduced itself. The circumstance was not much noticed at the time, but in about two hours she became alarmingly ill, with all the usual symptoms of being poisoned; and continued so till about ten o'clock at night, when (having previously taken an emetic) she gradually recovered, and is now perfectly well. *Provincial Paper.*

The skin of the elephant, which died some time ago at the *Jardin du Roi* in Paris, has been stuffed and deposited in the Cabinet of Natural History. It affords a perfect representation of the animal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The prolific author of *Waverley*, whose fecund genius seems to be as inexhaustible as it is extraordinary, has announced another romance, the title of which is "KENNILWORTH." From this name we presume that it will resemble *Ivanhoe* more than any of the other productions of the same pen; and from the circumstance having transpired, we expect that we may look for its completion soon after Christmas.

The title of Lord Byron's forthcoming tragedy is, we hear, "*The Doge of Venice*." We have before mentioned that it is to be published, not acted.

We hear of no other very remarkable works on the anvil. Belzoni seems to be retarded, like every thing else, till the public mind is more suited to rational objects. The account of the rebellion of 1745 is also delayed; the Fudge Family in Italy stands in need of a new annunciation, to induce us to believe that it will ever appear; and in short, (Heaven mend us the while) the labours of the literary are every where standing still till the labours of the engrossing political press will admit "a rival near the throne."

Contents of the Journal des Savans for September.

Art. I. *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, Tome XV. suite du 12^e Siècle. Reviewed by M. Raynouard.

Art. II. Remusat, *Histoire de la Ville de Khotan*.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

Art. III. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, *Vida de M. Cervantes Saavedra*, &c. —M. Raynouard.

* I conclude this article, says M. Raynouard, with two remarkable circumstances.

Madrid Seville Lucerne, Toledo, Esquivias, Alcazar de San Juan y Consuegra, pretended to the honor of having been the birth place of Cervantes. It is now acknowledged, that he was born of a noble family at Alcalá de Henares, Oct. 9th 1547. This claim of seven cities to the birth of Cervantes, offers a singular conformity with Homer, whom seven cities likewise claimed. Another circumstance which I think it right to place by the side of the former is, that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Art. IV. Karamsin, *History of Russia*. (French translation.)—M. Daunou.

Art. V. Grosier, *De la Chine*.—M. Remusat.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1820.

Thursday, 12.—Thermometer from 35 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 23.

Wind N. E.—Generally clear.

Friday, 13.—Thermometer from 26 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 18 to 30, 04.

Wind N. and N. W. E.—Generally cloudy; rain in the morning.

Saturday, 14.—Thermometer from 41 to 54.

Barometer from 29, 96 to 29, 60.

Wind E. E. and S. E. 3 and 4.—Generally cloudy, with rain at times in the afternoon.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Sunday, 15.—Thermometer from 52 to 64.

Barometer from 29, 11 to 29, 29.

Wind S. W. and S. b. W. 3 and 4.—Cloudy and showery till noon, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen .225 of an inch.

Monday, 16.—Thermometer from 41 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 31.

Wind S. W. 1, 3 and 5.—Cloudy, and showery.

Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Tuesday, 17.—Thermometer from 42 to 59.

Barometer from 29, 00 to 29, 13.

Wind S. W. 3.—Clouds generally passing; showers in the morning.

Rain fallen .125 of an inch.

Wednesday, 18.—Thermometer from 36 to 56.

Barometer from 29, 15 to 29, 25.

Wind W. E. N. W. E. and S. W. 1.—Alternate sunshine and showers throughout the day.

Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

On Monday the 23rd at 17 minutes, 40 seconds after 11 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Sunday the 29th, at 26 minutes, 20 seconds after 9, the 4th Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow, and will emerge at 43 minutes, 46 seconds after 12.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not think R. R.'s poem written with sufficient care for insertion.

We feel obliged by the letter signed "One of the Trade." In reply to which we have to state, that the *Literary Gazette* is invariably published before eight o'clock on Saturday morning. Whenever new publications appear to be of importance enough, we give an analysis of them: in other cases merely on opinion and extracts. It would require a Daily sheet to give an analysis of all.

A Judge's Lady has certainly taken up a hasty opinion: we have been exceedingly careful that what she mentions should not occur.

Very few good novels appear, and we hardly think them worth notice. Such as merit it are reviewed in due course for the gratification of such of our readers as take delight in that species of composition.

* * Continuation of the Essay on the Clergy in our next. Also an interesting paper on the important subject of Insanity; No. 1, of Letters from Paris, and several communications from friends.

Errata in our last Number.

Page 671. col. 2. l. 13, for Kernismewert's read Kermer's necrot.

Page 672. col. 2. l. 15, for Bibliomaniae read Bibliomaniac.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

NEW-INVENTED MEDALLION WAFERS.

Messrs. J. and H. THOMPSON, No. 1, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, beg leave respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that they have recently invented a new species of WAFERS, of a very elegant and superior description. They possess all the beauty of the Cameo, have the adhesive quality of wax, and clean a note or letter with the facility and security of a wafer. Messrs. T. have on sale a considerable number of devices, which, being variously coloured, and on grounds of different tints, exhibit the delicacy and taste of this novel invention to perfection.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW; or, Critical Journal. No. XLVII. Contents:—1. France. 2. Classification of Rocks. 3. Plan for a Commutation of Tithes. 4. Farington's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds. 5. Buchan's Travels in Nubia. 6. Edgeworth's Memoirs. 7. Hogg's Jacobite Relics. 8. The Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 9. Ancient Laws of the Scandinavians. 10. Keats's Poems. 11. The new Plan of Education for England. Quarterly List of new Publications. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, all the preceding Numbers.

Handsome printed on foolscap 8vo. price 6s. boards, **FANCY'S WREATH**, a Collection of Poems, on various Subjects. By J. L. STEVENS.

"O'er me as spark of Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dobs an mire

At plough or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

Printed for Scattergood and Letterman, Ave-Marie-lane, London; and sold by Fildes and Orleigh, Plymouth; Grey, Stonehouse; and all other booksellers.

THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL. No. XLIII.

[Continued Quarterly]. Containing a Variety of Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Literature. With Greek, Latin, English, and French Tracts interspersed. Contents:—On the Origin, Progress, Prevalence, and Decline of Idolatry. Dr. D. Kuhnken's *celebre quodam reperto literario*. On the Ancient British Language of Cornwall. Notice of "The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists considered," by Bishop Lavignon. Platonic Demonstration of the Immortality of the Soul. Dissertation Historique, Critique, et Bibliographique, sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de M. de La Fontaine. The Epiphania of Tinseltown. A Prize Poem for 1819. The White Knight's Library. On the Theology of the Greeks. On the Different Opinions which have been formed of Cicero. An Inquiry into the Opinions of the Ancient Hebrews, respecting a future Immortal Existence. De Aristarchi Fragmentis. Essay—On the evidence of Scripture that the Soul, immediately after the Death of the body, is not in a state of sleep or insensibility; but of happiness or misery; and on the moral use of that doctrine. *Memoriae Philosophice Fragmenta*, c. MS. Paris. *descriptio*. Macdonald's Catalogue. Cambridge Price Poems, for 1820. Cambridge Tracts, for 1818. Miscellaneous Notes at the Parthenon. On the Fragments of C. B. Blandin's *Aristophanis Fragmenta emendata*. G. B. Blandin to form the Ovidian Dietrich. Reply to the Quarterly Reviewer of Stephen's Greek Theorem. *Adversaria Literaria*. Clarendon, Germ. 1. de Note of Blandin. Alexander the Great. The Egyptian Orbit. Account of the Library of the University of Göttingen. Oriental Customs. Literary Intelligence. Sold by Sherwood and Co.; Longman and Co. London; and all other booksellers.

A General Index to the first Forty Nos. of the Classical Journal, price 6s. for the use of Libraries as a book of reference. It is intended also to bind up at the end of the 20th Volume.

In two vols. 12s. a second edition of
THE SKETCH BOOK OF GEOFFREY CRAY-
ON, Gent. vol. 2. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

By the same author, printed uniformly with the above, a new edition of
KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK, from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty, &c. 12s. Also, *Sketch Book*, vol. 1, 8vo. 12s.

Cathedral Antiquities.
Price 1l. 18s. Medium 4to.; 3l. 3s. Imperial 4to.; 5l. 6s. royal folio.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE SEE AND CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF LICHFIELD; illustrated by a Series of 16 Engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Architectural Details of the Architecture of that Church; with Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry. By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row; Taylor, 56, High Holborn; and the Author, Burton Cottage, Turlington Square. Of whom may be had, by the same author,

1. **THE HISTORY, &c. OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL**, with 31 plates, 3l. 3s. medium 4to.; 5l. 3s. imp. 4to.; crown folio, 8l.; royal folio, 11l. 6s.

2. **THE HISTORY, &c. OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL**, with 24 plates, 2l. 10s. medium 4to.; 4l. 4s. imp. 4to.; 6l. 10s. crown folio; 8l. 16s. royal folio.

3. **THE HISTORY, &c. OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL**, with 30 plates, 3l. 3s. medium 4to.; 5l. 6s. imp. 4to.; 8l. crown folio; 11l. royal folio.

4. **THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF YORK**, with 26 engravings, 3l. 18s. medium 4to.; 5l. 6s. imp. 4to.; 10l. crown folio; 12l. 12s. royal folio.

5. **AN HISTORICAL ESSAY ON REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL**, with 12 Engravings, royal 8vo. price 10s.; medium 4to. 1l. 4s.; imp. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

6. **THE ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN**, in 4 vols. medium 4to. 20 guineas hf. bd.

7. **CHRONOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ANTIENT ARCHITECTURE OF GREAT BRITAIN**, Nos. 1, 2, & 3, price 12s. each, medium 4to.; and 12, imp. 4to.

The History and Illustrations of Oxford Cathedral will be published before Christmas next, and will consist of 11 Engravings, with the necessary letter-press. It will be comprised in two Numbers, price 1l. 4s. medium 4to.; and 2l. 11s. imp. 4to.

New Literal Translation of Homer's Iliad.
In two volumes; 8vo. price 1l. 4s. boards.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER, Translated into English Prose, as literally as the different idioms of the Greek and English languages will allow; with Explanatory Notes. By a Graduate of the University of Oxford. Printed for G. and W. E. Whitaker, 13, Ave Maria-lane, London; and Munday and Slater, Oxford.

Goldsmith's Elegiacs—continued to 1815.
In four vols. 8vo. price 1l. 12s. boards; the seventh edition, corrected.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the earliest Times to the Death of George the Second. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B. With a Continuation to the Treaty concluded at Paris, in the year 1815. By CHARLES COOTE, LL.D. Printed for F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Otridge, J. Nunn; Scattergood and Letterman; J. and A. Arch; J. Richardson; J. M. Richardson; J. Cuthbert; Longman and Co.; Cadell and Davies; J. Boker; Baldwin and Co.; G. and W. B. Whitaker; J. Brier; J. Asperger; Rowell and Martin; E. Munday; and E. B. Whittaker. Of whom may be had,
GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ROME; 2 vols. 8vo. price 14s. 6d. Thirteenth edition, 12mo. price 3s. 6d. bound.

GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF GREECE; 2 vols. 8vo. price 14s. 6d. The same abridged, 12mo. price 3s. 6d. bound.

GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, abridged, 12mo. price 3s. 6d. bound.
The same, with Questions on each Chapter; General Tables of the British Sovereigns, &c. By A. Jameson, 12mo. price 3s. bound.

In a few days will be published,
In one vol. 8vo. with six highly finished engravings,
A SYNOPSIS OF THE DISEASES OF THE EYE, and their Treatment. To which are pre-

fixed, a short Anatomical Description, and a Sketch of the Physiology of that Organ. By BENJAMIN TRAVERS, F.R.S. Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had; by the same author,

An INQUIRY into the PROCESS OF NATURE in Repairing INJURIES of the INTESTINES, illustrating the Treatment of Penetrating Wounds and Strangulated Hernia, in 8vo. with plates, price 18s. 6d.

Also,
SURGICAL ESSAYS. By Astley Cooper, F.R.S. Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, and Benjamin Travers, F.R.S. Part I. the 3d. edition, and Part II. the 2d. edition, price 10s. 6d. each.

The 2d. edition, in 4 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 8s. 6d.

TALES OF THE HEART. By Mrs. OPIE. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

1. **NEW TALES**, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. boards.
2. **FATHER AND DAUGHTER**, 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.
3. **TALES OF REAL LIFE**, in 3 vols. 12mo. boards.
4. **SIMPLE TALES**, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. boards.
5. **TEMPER**; or, Domestic Scenes, 3 vols. 1l. 1s.
6. **VALENTINE'S EVE**, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.
7. **POEMS**, foolscap 8vo. 6s. boards.

In crown 8vo. illustrated with plates, price 7s. plain, or 12s. coloured.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CONCHOLOGY, describing the Orders, Genera, and Species of Shells; their most prominent Characteristics, and usual mode of Classification. With Observations on the Nature and Properties of the Animals, and Directions for Collecting, Preserving, and Cleaning Shells. By CHARLES WODARCH. Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row; and J. Magee, 140, Strand.

On Monday, the 28d of October will be published,
A LETTER to an "UN-SENTIMENTAL SORT OF A CRITIC, in the Quarterly Review for October last, containing strictures on the Rev. W. L. Bowles, as Editor of Pope. "By ONE of the 'FAMILIAR'."

"Nature" is a critical term, which the Family of the Bowles have been explaining for two thousand years!!

Quarterly Review.
And which the Fudge Family of the mole-eyed Critics have been for so long shutting their on, though it is as plain as the sun at noon-day!!—By one of the Family of the Bowles.

Sold by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; Colburn, and Co. Conduit Street; and J. Warren, Old Bond Street. Where may be had,

The INVARIABLE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY, in Answer to Thomas Campbell, Esq. on the Poetical Character of Pope. By the Reverend W. L. Bowles. Price 2s. 6d.

On the 1st of November will be published,
PROVINCIAL ANTIQUITIES, and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Historical Illustrations, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Part IV.

SWISS SCENERY, from Drawings by Major Cockburn. Part XII. and last.

VIEWS IN PARIS, from Drawings by Captain Batty. Part VI.

VIEWS OF MOUNT CENIS, engraved on Stone from Drawings by Major Cockburn. Part IV.

ROMAN COSTUME, engraved on Stone from Drawings by Pinelli, by C. Hullmandel, Part IV. and last.

PARISIAN COSTUME, drawn and engraved on Stone, by J. J. Chalon.

Printed for Rowell and Martin, 45, New Bond Street.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by W. POPE, 67, Chancery Lane: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 85, (Exeter Change) Strand, where Communications (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor.